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MEMOIR

OF

MRS. DEBORAH H. PORTER,

WIFE OF

REV. C. G. PORTER, OF BANGOR.

BY ANNE T. DRINKWATER.

"Thou wert unfit to dwell with clay;
For sin too pure, for earth too bright!
And Death, who called thee hence away,
Placed on his brow a gem of light!"

PORTLAND:
SANBORN & CARTER.
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PREFACE.

If the late Dr. Nevins could say, I have prayed for years that I might write one tract to speak for me when I am gone; if those little messengers which he was enabled to write, are speaking for him in other languages and countries as well as our own; if it can with truth be said, that in this way he is now probably doing more good, than at any period of his life; have we not reason to believe, that God has answered his prayers? and may not other individuals, in the same spirit, though in a humbler sphere, have written that, which, with the blessing of God in answer to their prayers, will be useful to the living when they sleep in death?

It is with this belief, and the hope that the following pages may be thus blessed, that they are now presented to the public.

In doing this, the compiler has felt all that diffidence which a conviction of her own inadequacy, combined with feeble health, is calculated to produce. More than once had she decided that it could not be her duty to make the attempt. But when told that if she still declined to enter upon the work, it would probably not be accomplished by any other hand, the fear arose that she might be found declining a task which God had assigned her. While, therefore, she was induced to yield a trembling assent, she would gratefully acknowledge the goodness of her heavenly Father, in giving her strength to complete the undertaking.

The Memoir is principally an autobiography. From the six manuscript volumes which have been put into our hands, we have made selections; and it may be proper to add, that these selections have themselves been condensed; and in those instances where the sense might not have been obvious to

every reader, an effort has been made to render it intelligible, and at the same time to retain the original sentiments of the writer.

The work professes to be simply an illustration of what a Christian, in the ordinary walks of life, may become, and may accomplish. If we mistake not, it will add one more proof to the many which the world already has, that an individual of little intellectual training, and with none of the advantages of birth, or striking scenes, may yet attain to such a degree of personal holiness, and may achieve, in a quiet, unobtrusive way, such an amount of labor for the Redeemer, as to make her life a fit model for a vast proportion of the Christian Church.

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MEMOIR.

CHAPTER I.

Advantages of Religious Biography—Birth of Deborah H. Cushing—Her Conversion—Profession of Religion—Subsequent Declension—Trials on the doctrine of Election—Engages in a School—In the business of a Milliner—Visits Massachusetts.

Among the many interesting sources of improvement with which the Christian world is blessed, religious Biography holds a conspicuous place. To read the writings of the pious dead, to be permitted to enter the secret chambers of their hearts, and witness the struggling of the divine principle with the unholy one, which exists there, is calculated to convince the hypocrite of his destitution of such exercises, and encourage the believer in his Christian course. How often have the hopes of the latter been strengthened, when sinking under the discouragements arising from indwelling sin, to learn from the recorded exercises of others that his case is not singular; that even the eminently pious have had the same internal warfare, and have often exclaimed in the bitterness of their souls, "Oh wretched man that I am, who shall deliver me from the

body of this death!" And how often has his fainting heart been cheered to find that those who have had similar conflicts, have been made conquerors through Him that loved them. While, on the other hand, he who has only a name to live, can hardly fail to perceive the striking contrast between the aspirations of the pious heart, its self-loathing and self-renunciation, and his own self-confidence and superficial exercises; and this perception may, by the divine blessing, be the means of leading him to renounce his delusive hopes, and flee for refuge to the hope set before him in the gospel.

But Biography needs not the feeble aid of our pen to recommend it; the lives of the eminent have been, and ever will be, sought and read with interest. Especially will the devotional exercises of the eminently pious, be perused with interest by those who are aiming at a high and holy standard of living. We think there can be no reasonable doubt, that among the latter of these characters the subject of this memoir will rank.

Mrs. Deborah H. Porter was born in Camden, Me., Feb. 26, 1809. She was the daughter of Mr. Joseph Cushing, of Hanover, Mass. Her mother was the daughter of Melzer Curtis, Esq., of the same town. Her father, soon after his marriage, removed to Camden, where he became the subject of religious hopes, and for some years was an exemplary member of the Baptist church in that town. Deborah was their eighth child, and the

youngest of three daughters. When she was eight years old, her father removed to Bloomfield, and united with the Baptist church in that place.

We have been unable to ascertain what were the distinguishing characteristics of her early life, except, that she was an interesting child; and that her temper, to use her mother's words, was naturally quick and absolute; but upon her becoming a subject of renewing grace, which was at the age of fourteen, there was in this respect a striking change.

In the first volume of the manuscripts which have been put into our hands, we find her religious experience, and some account of her subsequent life, until 1837, when she commenced a regular journal.

"From infancy," she says, "I enjoyed instructions of a religious character, which led me to believe in God as a being holy, just, and good; consequently a sacredness of more than ordinary kind was attached to his children: their religious experience seemed something which I knew nothing about. In view of this, was led to ask, What good shall I do, that I may be happy? Was inclined to pray occasionally, to mourn that I was not a Christian, and to form many good resolutions; foolishly imagining that these things would recommend me to the favor of Heaven. Continued to live thus, until the age of fourteen, when I began to feel the exceeding sinfulness of sin. Instead of mourning that I was not a partaker of the Christian's happi-

ness, I mourned that I had sinned against God; that being who had performed no other offices toward me but those of kindness. Fourteen years of my life are passed, said I, in which time not one thought of my heart has been acceptable to my Creator. I longed for more sorrow, and feared what I then felt was only the return of that partial mourning which constituted my righteousness previous to this time. I feared that sin had so benumbed my moral faculties, that I could not feel the weight of guilt my soul had incurred. The desire of happiness seemed only an indirect persuasive to love God.

"His law appeared holy, just, and good; demanding perfect obedience. He required of me deep contrition for its violation, which the hardness of my heart prevented. My daily desire was that I might mourn, and know that I mourned for sin, because offensive to God: that kind of sorrow occasioned by the want of sorrow, appeared to me to have none of the properties of that which existed in a penitent's heart. Improved religious opportunities, with the hope of being truly convicted; but my heart seemed a heart of stone, repelling every favorable influence; and I felt that if lost, my own obduracy would be the cause, and my Maker faultless. Something whispered, Pray; but to pray to be forgiven without deeper conviction, seemed presumption; and I feared to make the attempt, lest I should be made the lasting monument of God's displeasure.

"Hearing at an evening prayer meeting, one whom

I had ever supposed inoffensive, observe that 'she felt such a weight of sin, that the earth appeared too frail for her support,' I felt that my case was almost hopeless, and exclaimed, 'If hearts less sinful than mine, feel thus deeply, what must my case be but desperate!' I feared that all my anxiety would prove like the morning cloud and early dew. Continued in this state for several days, while the duty of prayer pressed heavily upon me, till life, or death, appeared the only alternative. I at length resolved, if I perished, to perish pleading for mercy.

"The shades of evening, with the noiseless breath of all living things, invited to prayer; I hastened to a lonely spot on the bank of the river, where I had often thoughtlessly trifled with the kindness of my Maker; on that spot, the consecration of my heart was required. I attempted to kneel, but was driven back; attempted it again and again, but guilt forbade the posture. Behind me stood death, and before me that Being who could not look on sin with the least degree of allowance. At length I closed my eyes, and for the first time prayed to the Lord to have mercy upon me. How long I continued in supplication, I cannot tell, God knoweth: when all my wants were told, it seemed like coming back, not to myself, but to another; felt that I had prayed with all my strength, but more than this dared not say. It was a memorable eve, a sacred spot. Returned to my home, feeling that the change was great; old things were done away, and all things become new. My sins seemed to

have been borne away into the land of forgetfulness, and my guilty soul cleansed by the blood of Christ. A calmness pervaded my bosom, entirely unlike anything which I had before experienced: all was quiet within, and harmony without.

"Was enabled, through the influences of the Holy Spirit, to cry Abba Father! my Lord, and my God! Felt that his ways were equal, while mine were unequal; that as the heavens were higher than the earth, so were his ways higher than mine; that he had led me by a way which I knew not, and in paths which I had not trodden.

"His ways in thus leading me appeared wise, his kindness unequaled by parental; while in compassion he led me to himself, without discovering to me the depth of my degradation, as I had so ardently wished. I now believed that even those thoughts which seemed so heinous, were prayer which he accepted; and that sorrow which I feared was unto death, was unto life.

"Continued in this happy frame for a number of days, with the exception of some fears that I might be deceived. Sin appeared exceeding sinful, and the thought of returning to the world was truly painful. Though I had felt that I should no more sin, and believed that the Savior was willing to carry me in his arms, yet my youth and inexperience made me fear that I should not withstand the power of temptation. Wished myself advanced in life, that I might live soberly and righteously in this present evil world. God's children, bear-

ing the image of their Savior, appeared peculiarly lovely. The church of Christ, too, like a garden in which I would be planted, and like a building in which — if thought worthy — I would occupy some humble place. Baptism appeared indispensable to membership in the church; and essential, not to secure salvation, but the approbation of its Author; and an express command, which to obey would show our love and respect for the Savior. I believed that it was an ordinance peculiarly sanctioned by the Father. Duty was plain; where there was 'much water' the church assembled, and I was baptized by a servant of Christ. I rejoiced that I was permitted to be a fellow citizen 'with the saints, and of the household of God.' But alas! how little did I compare with those lively stones which make up the spiritual house; how imperfectly did I represent the Author of my moral being. Soon, many of my former fears were realized. While spending some time in visiting distant friends, I came in contact with many plausible arguments in favor of more conformity to the world, and less precision of Christian character. These, together with the powerful persuasives within, led me to forget that 'the friendship of the world' was 'enmity with God.'

"My affections became languid and alienated; restraining prayer, I cast off fear, and became a captive exile.

"Years of uselessness passed away, while I was pierced with many sorrows in view of my depart-

ure from God, and neglect of the gentle influences of his Holy Spirit. Especially while reading the lives of devoted females, my heart bled at the contrast; at the dissimilarity between their character and my own. I resolved, and re-resolved, to live a holier life, and more closely follow him, by whom I was redeemed: but all proved ineffectual.

"My acceptance with God seemed doubtful; all the evidence I had that I was a Christian, was past experience. But God remembered me in mercy, and his goodness led me to repentance. *This* effected the change. That I had sinned against the best of beings, constituted my sorrow. I mourned that I had brought forth no fruit. That I had robbed him in tithes and offerings, and ways without number. Loved to mourn, while his word was a fruitful source of consolation, and no less that part which condemned, than that which approved. It said, emphatically, 'Abide in me; as the branch cannot bear fruit except it abide in the vine, no more can ye except ye abide in me.' Learned from this why I had not brought forth fruit. Begged that I might not be like that withered branch, that is cast forth and burned; but like that which is purged that it may bring forth more fruit. The church renewed her claims upon my anxiety; her wanderings were combined with my own, as a reason for humiliation, fasting and prayer. Her interests were dear to my heart; she seemed the purchase of Christ's blood.

"I felt that my Maker required new obedience

and constant activity. Not only the church of Christ, but a perishing world, had claims upon me. The danger to which sinners were exposed, their only way of escape, together with a conviction that God required of me more than ordinary efforts and consecration, led me to say, in view of my own utter insufficiency, 'Let me die and not live. Whither shall I go from thy presence? What dost thou require from a child like me? What meaneth this heaviness, and continual sorrow of heart?' I felt that pleas of inability were valueless with God; and they were sometimes succeeded by the promise, 'Fear not, for behold I have put words in thy mouth.' I believed that striving with my Maker would only lessen my ability to obey him; and resolved to throw my all into the hands of my Heavenly Father, and take his word for my guide, imploring his aid for direction in what he would have me do. Was favored with daily disclosures of the perfections of the Creator. The material world appeared clothed in a heavenly mantle, and every leaf, a tongue suited to its Maker's praise, calling upon every thing that had breath to praise the Lord. Even my little flowers reminded me of my duty to my God. I loved them because they told so much of his wisdom and goodness. Once when sitting by them, and deeply engaged in such contemplations, my father said to me, 'Daughter, do not set your affections on those little flowers.' I was grieved at his reproof, and answered, 'Father, who made them?' The plan of redemption, also, was

a glorious theme of meditation; the way of life by the death of Christ, was to me a life indeed, and more to be desired than all beside. I longed to be fitted for my Master's use, to be wise to win souls, a preparation which I felt must be received by no ordinary process; every effort of mine telling too plainly my entire lack of those qualifications which characterize a humble follower of the Savior. Instead of being prepared at all times to say, All that I have, and am, are thine; to Thee, and Thee alone be all the praise; a never-failing foe was ever ready to bring me into captivity to the law of sin and death. Not seldom I felt that I had deceived myself and others, with vain imaginations, and presumptuous sins. Was sometimes half induced to seek a habitation far from human sight; at others to endeavor to compel the world to come to Christ. I was at times assailed with trials and skeptical temptations of the most painful kind. A voice sometimes whispered, 'There is no God to hear your prayers, and accomplish the work you so much desire; if so, he would have answered your petitions long ere this. Neither is there any certainty of the truth of the Bible; it says, Seek, and you shall find; knock and it shall be opened unto you. You have done this, and where is the fulfillment?' But he who is stronger than the strong, who is ever ready to succor the tempted and distressed, saved me from the entire dominion of sin, and drew me to himself, teaching me in some measure how to pray."

About this time, Miss Cushing's mind was much

exercised on the doctrine of election. On some important points in theology, she had probably never been clear. Possessing naturally an inquiring mind, it was not strange, when the subject was brought before her, that she should have attempted to search too far into the deep things of God. Alluding to a sermon which she heard on divine sovereignty, she says, "It called forth deep and inquisitive thought. A just view of the subject seemed indispensable, while to me it was dark, involving my spirit in much perplexity. The Bible was a sealed book; the instruction of friends, like darkening counsel by words without knowledge; a thick cloud seemed to obstruct my way to God; my own personal interest, as it was known to him, in the counsels of eternity, bore heavily on my spirit; at the same time feeling great aversion and unreconciliation toward the place in which I thought he might have seen me. Notwithstanding that captivating love which was shed abroad in my heart, so cleansing in its nature, yet sin reigned there to an astonishing degree, and raised its enmity against the government of God. These were days of suffering which the records of eternity alone will tell. But He who is rich in mercy, again extended his aid, and brought me into captivity to the obedience of Christ, by a perfect surrender of all preconceived opinions, with an entire willingness to suffer the loss of all things for the knowledge of God. He revealed himself as the Alpha and Omega; and all his counsels as just and good."

During this season, to which we have heard her refer, as one of the most trying of her life, she was brought to see the consistency of the great plan of human redemption; the goodness of God in providing a way of escape for the condemned sinner; and his perfect right to leave some to their own choice, while he made others willing in the day of his power. Thus, that doctrine which she had so imperfectly understood, and to which she had been so much opposed, became very dear to her heart. This year, 1831, she speaks of the death of an affectionate father, as being one of the severe trials which she trusts was sanctified to her.

In 1832, the subject of this memoir engaged in teaching a school in an adjoining town, with which she connected a Sabbath school. Her journal shows that she had a deep sense of the responsibility of her situation, and that her efforts proved successful in securing an unusual number of teachers and scholars. She speaks of sometimes enjoying the divine presence, but mourns over the sinfulness of her best performances.

"The succeeding fall," she continues, "prepared to enter the millinery business, and was obliged to spend some months from home and friends. But He who careth for the fowls, cared for me, and afforded many privileges productive of happiness; whispering to me when cast down, 'Fear not, I will strengthen thee, and uphold thee, for I am thy God.'

"On my return, I was confined for a few weeks by sickness; death seemed near, and clothed in all his terrors; but the Savior soon appeared for my

relief, and I believed that I was only to cease to breathe, to be forever with the Lord. Learned by this trial, with what ease he could remove his children to a better world.

"In a few weeks commenced business, realizing my inability to provide for my wants without help from God. The year was crowned with health and prosperity; felt my indebtedness to my kind Benefactor, and a disposition to trust him for the future.

"The following spring, on account of the inconvenience of prosecuting my business as I was then situated, concluded to visit Massachusetts. The circumstances of my journey indicated that good hand which had always been about my path. Found my friends kind and affectionate.

"The displeasure of some with whom I associated was incurred, by my expressing myself too strongly in favor of what I believed to be truth: in one instance it broke supposed friendship, and provoked censure. But I felt that I was not worthy of the name of '*zealous professor*,' that was given me in derision. I sometimes met with Christian friends whose society was kindred to that above; at others, with the gay and giddy. My affections were often set on things on the earth, duty left undone, and prayer too much restrained. Chastisement was necessary, that my affections should be disciplined, and brought into subserviency to the commands of Christ. My health declined, and serious fears were entertained both by myself and others, with regard to my case. I knew too well the sufferings which the difficulty had caused,

and the length of time from its commencement, not to indulge fearful apprehensions of the result. By the affectionate advice of friends, applied to a physician living at some distance. The day was memorable; I went, not knowing the things that would befall me there. A measure of grace was given, to aid my fainting spirit. Was enabled to say, 'If this cup may not pass from me, except I drink it, thy will be done.' It passed, and its dregs were not tasted. No more suffering has since been endured. It seemed like the removal of a mountain into the midst of the sea, from exercising faith in God. The passage, 'My grace is sufficient for thee,' appeared doubly sweet and supporting, while the affliction served to attach me more closely to my Savior."

After spending a year in Massachusetts, Miss Cushing returned to Bloomfield, and again commenced her business.

CHAPTER II.

Her feelings relative to the Church of which she was a Member—An appropriate, particular Faith—Letter to a Student.

The church of which Miss Cushing was a member, had for a succession of years been destitute of a stated ministry. At the time of the dismission of their pastor, a difference of opinion existed in relation to the expediency of the measures which were pursued, and this produced a long alienation of affection. For this church she felt a peculiar and deep interest. Speaking of a church conference which she attended soon after her return, she says:

"It gave me pleasure to find that neither distance nor time had effaced from my recollection the endearing relation which we collectively sustain to the vine, but the pleasure was not unmixed. The church was as yet as sheep having no shepherd; and like the daughter of Zion whose beauty had departed, and our cry was, Give us a pastor after thine own heart.

"The following spring, Mr. Drinkwater, who had long been hesitating with regard to the path of duty, concluded to accept the invitation of the church to become their pastor, and our hopes were realized, while we were ready to say, How beautiful are the feet of those that bring good tidings. Yet we felt,

that if his labors were blessed, it must be in answer to fervent prayer. Another year passed away, and though the cause of Christ seemed of the first importance, yet I was too often cumbered with much serving.

"The ensuing winter it pleased the great Shepherd to make some accessions to his flock, but it was too apparent that the church was not ready for a plentiful shower. The truth as it was dispensed seemed like the dew of heaven; too powerful and medicinal to fail to give life to the dead, health to the sick, and strength to the feeble-minded; too pure, save for good and honest hearts; and of too much worth to be lost on forgetful hearers. It was indeed a powerful incentive to hasten me to my closet, there to plead that it might prove a 'savor of life unto life.' Could only say, Must it be lost, while the church of Christ sleeps over it?

"I believed that my Maker required much at my hands; yet a sense of my insignificance and ignorance, made me fear to ask what he would have me do; yet begged to be prepared for his will. The wants of a perishing world seemed uttering their voices with indescribable earnestness, while the church was dull of hearing. Physical, as well as moral, slavery was among the abominations against which the church should lift up her voice like a trumpet. The ministers of Christ seemed laboring with but little success, for want of fellow helpers. The judgments of Heaven appeared ready to fall upon us, in consequence of our disobedience and

conformity to the world. Could no longer refrain from saying, Lord what wilt thou have me to do? In view of what the Son of God was, and what he had done, together with the indifference and hatred with which he was treated by those whose duty it was to love and serve him, my spirit was stirred within me. Could only say, Let me labor, let me suffer, let me die, no matter what death; or mould me into any vessel, however insignificant in the world's esteem, if thy name may be honored by such a disposal.

"No bosom seemed like my heavenly Father's, on which to lean for support; no strength like his, to sustain. Now began to feel that to live was Christ, and to die was gain. I could rejoice to suffer affliction with the people of God, rather than enjoy the pleasures of sin for a season.

"The same spring, 1837, some of the judgments which seemed to hang over the church, fell upon her; the truth which had benefited many a Christian's heart, and rendered the sanctuary a bethel, proved not so profitable to others. While some received the matter, others rejected the manner; and a cloud rose, ominous of trouble."

Perhaps it may be proper to state here, the trials to which Miss Cushing alludes. Their pastor had, for many years, generally been in the habit of preparing written sermons for the services of the sanctuary, and believed this to be the most useful method. In this he differed from several of the church. Indeed this is a subject on which good

men have differed for centuries; and it must be confessed that much may be said on both sides. It seems that the Puritan fathers were not uniform with regard to it, either in opinion or practice.

COTTON MATHER says, "The Rev. John Warham was the first man who preached with notes in New England;" and adds, "He was a more vigorous preacher than the most of them who have been applauded for never looking in a book in their lives." That many, eminent for their piety and usefulness, have practiced this, ever since the reformation, is well known. Richard Baxter, who was born 1615, says, "It is not the want of our abilities, that makes us use our notes; but it is a regard unto our work, and the good of our hearers. I use notes as much as any man when I take pains; and as little as any man when I am lazy, or busy, and have not leisure to prepare. It is easier unto us to preach three sermons without notes, than one with them. He is a simple preacher that is not able to preach a day without preparation."

Mr. D., however, thought he must be his own judge with regard to his manner of preaching; and therefore thought it his duty to resign his pastoral office, wishing the church to procure some one who might give satisfaction to all. In view of again being left destitute of the stated means of grace, Miss Cushing was much distressed lest she should possess unreconciliation to the divine will. She says:

"Feared I should possess an unchristian spirit, a mind unreconciled to God's will; dared not pray for the prosperity of the Church in B——d, lest

it would be for that which God could not consistently grant. At length the church was presented to my mind as the object to God's love. It seemed like a building of noble structure, but in need of new materials to restore it to its original beauty, and these materials were in the wilderness of this world. The work to be done appeared arduous, demanding from the heart and hand of every christian, the most indefatigable exertions; while the church was not sufficiently awake to put on the whole armor of God, and co-operate with his servant in this great work. In view of this painful picture I could not rest, while I trust I could say, 'Lord, thou knowest all things; thou knowest that I love thee!' The God of heaven appeared as a familiar friend; he seemed to say, 'If ye abide in me, and my word abide in you, ye shall ask what ye will, and it shall be done unto you.'

"I believed his testimony; and, instead of contemplating the state of the church as hopeless, I viewed the Lord as being round about them for good; and although his ways were involved in mystery, yet all things should work together for the good of his children, and the glory of his great name; and our counselor be restored, and made a successful instrument in gathering perishing sinners from the wilderness of this world to the fold of Christ.

"The prospect was glorious. In view of the work, could but beg to be permitted to take some obscure place in the vineyard, and toil even to suf-

fering, desiring no other reward than the mere permission to do so."

A few days after this memorable season, Miss C. mentioned some of these exercises to a particular friend, stating at the same time, that it was her *firm* belief, not only that God would visit that church in mercy, and add to it many that were now in the mazes of sin, but that he designed that the pastor should still be an instrument of good there; and that she hoped he would be willing to wait, and see the salvation of God. He did wait, and in a few months saw her hopes realized, in a very interesting revival of religion; and may we not, without the charge of enthusiasm, believe that she had, at that time, those holy wrestlings of soul which prevailed with God; that appropriate particular faith, which ensures the object asked?

We are sensible we are now venturing on disputed ground; still, we think the candid mind must admit, that some individuals have at times been thus favored; and may not the low standard of piety which exists at the present day, the weakness of faith, be the cause why these instances are so rare?

Dr. PARISH has treated on the subject of which we are speaking, from the words, "Command ye me." The doctrine he deduces from this passage is, "That God will answer certain prayers, in the most literal manner." He says, "This doctrine does not contradict a common opinion that the prayer of faith will obtain the thing asked, or some-

thing better; but proceeds further, and asserts that we may obtain the very thing which is desired. But to be sure of success, it is not sufficient to exercise merely evangelical faith; the man of prayer must not only have this, but an appropriate particular faith."

FLAVEL says, "The prayer of a single saint is sometimes followed by wonderful effects."

It was said of LUTHER, "That man could have of God what he would." The Queen of Scots professed, "that she was more afraid of the prayers of JOHN KNOX, than of an army of ten thousand men."

The views of an eminently pious divine* seem to corroborate these opinions.

He says, "Good men, who labor and abound in prayer to the great God, sometimes arrive to the assurance of a particular faith, for the good success of their prayers. 'Tis not a thing that never happens, that the children of God in the midst of their supplications for this or that particular mercy, find their hearts very comfortably, but unaccountably, carried forth to a strange persuasion, that they shall receive this particular mercy from the Lord; and this persuasion is not a mere notion and fancy, but a special impression from heaven upon the minds of the saints that are made partakers of it. This particular faith is not the attainment of every Christian, much less an endowment of every prayer. There is no real Christian but what prays in faith.

* DR. COTTON MATHER.

His prayer hath a general faith in the power, and wisdom, and goodness of God, and the mediation of Christ.

"But there is many a real Christian who is a stranger to the meaning of this thing, viz., a particular faith for such mercies, without which a man may get safe to heaven at the last.

"It is here and there a Christian, whom the sovereign grace of Heaven does favor with the consolations of a particular faith; nor if a Christian taste of these joys, may he expect more than a taste of them; they are dainties that are not every day to be feasted on; it is not in every prayer that the King of Heaven will admit every one to so much of intimacy with himself. Indeed such a particular faith is not so much the duty of a christian, as his comfort, his honor, his privilege. There is a *praying in faith* incumbent on every Christian in every prayer; but this particular faith for the bestowal of such and such desired mercies is not incumbent on a Christian: it is not required of him. It is a vast privilege for a Christian to be assured that the Lord will do this or that individual thing for him; however, it is no sin for a Christian to break off not assured of it. But it is the Holy Spirit of the Lord Jesus Christ, that with a singular operation does produce in a Christian this particular faith; which indeed is near akin to the faith of miracles. The wondrous meltings, the mighty wrestlings, the quiet waitings, and the holy resolves, that are characters of a particular faith, which is no delusion, are the works of the Holy Spirit."

We close this chapter with a letter written by Miss Cushing about this time, to an acquaintance, then a member of a college.

BLOOMFIELD, 1837.

FRIEND * * *:

"I received your letter of the 21st instant; the perusal of which gave me much pleasure—especially that part which referred to Mr. S.'s sermon. I believe the majesty and glory of our Maker is but faintly shadowed forth by illustrations; although to us weak creatures, the illustrations may be astonishingly grand; but when we compare a shadow with the original, the contrast will be great.

"The human mind is rich in strength to compare, investigate, and illustrate material things; but when the mind attempts to compare things temporal with things eternal, it learns its weakness; and how far it is beyond the philosophy of finite minds to analyze or comprehend them.

"We may learn something of the perfections and moral character of God, by his works; and in the volume of inspiration, we may learn his will respecting us.

"I was pleased with that refined taste which shone so brilliantly in your description of the sermon. You seemed delighted with the beauty and elegance of the style, but I could not discover any marks of love and admiration toward that Being whose wisdom, knowledge, and grandeur, the purest and most sublime language can but just begin to portray.

"Oh, * * * shall it be said of you, that you have

'eyes, and see not' something of the glory and perfections of that Being concerning whom you have so frequently been taught? Shall it be said of my friend that having ears to hear his Maker spoken of in strains of eloquence, he hears not that voice which speaks within the soul, with more eloquence than can be displayed by organs of clay? For it is true, that, although there are glories, which cannot be revealed to us while in this state, yet God does disclose to the mind of him who is truly humble, perfections which language cannot reach, and which no one knoweth save him that receiveth. 'Not by might nor by power, but by my Spirit, saith the Lord.'

"I can but regret that you were not prepared to give me some description of the last sermon. I am persuaded that it must have been interesting, from the ideas I have of the first; for I think the preacher's views of the glory of the Sun of Righteousness could not be enveloped in darkness so soon; nor that great Luminary which illumines this moral world, obscured from his sight, while he endeavored to show forth his excellence. But owing to some unaccountable cause, you were overcome, deprived of sight, wrapped up in a cloud of 'impenetrable mist,' consequently the senses obscured. But was the cause unaccountable? Was it not owing to 'the spirit of slumber' — to dullness of hearing? Oh, my friend, shall that impenetrable mist ever obscure your moral perception, so that you can never see any beauty in the Savior that you should desire him?

"I beg your pardon for any expression which bears the least resemblance to impertinence or intrusion. I can assure you I have not taken my pen to answer your interesting letter, without painfully feeling my inability to write anything to interest one enjoying your high intellectual advantages; but my heart tells me, this will not be perused with the cold eye of criticism, but with kindness and allowance.

"And now permit me to express my fervent wishes for the best improvement of your time, and also of those talents which your Maker has bestowed upon you. Oh, may it never be, that your dear parents shall have cause to mourn over that only son, who is now their delight and earthly hope. While they may hope, that the character of that dear son will continue to remain spotless, may their prayers be those fervent and effectual ones, that avail with God. May you be prepared for usefulness by the advantages with which you are favored, and spread a healthful influence wherever you go in after life; and finally be accepted by your Maker in his kingdom above.

"Yours, with regard,

"D. H. CUSHING."

CHAPTER III.

Holy Aspirations — Making and receiving Calls — Contemplations on the Character, Mission and Sufferings of Christ — Solitude rendered Delightful by the Divine Presence — Self-loathing.

"June 3, 1837. Oh for more conformity to my my Heavenly Father's will! May the trials of which I have for a few days been the subject, be the process by which my soul shall be purified, and God's image more fully enstamped upon me.

"O my Father! may I not shrink from the chastisements thou seest necessary to inflict; I need to be stricken ere I can be fitted for thy use. I beg for more grace, and to me it must succeed strokes of severity. Nothing else will separate my affections from earthly things.

"July 17. Am pained with the reflection, that in so many instances, I have studied my own ease more than the glory of God. What I shall do to be happy, and at the same time honorable, has too often been the study of my heart. Oh that henceforth I may live to the glory of God; and if he shall require, yield to him every enjoyment the heart holds dear.

"July 19. How delightful to be employed in the vineyard of the Lord. Oh that I was prepared to occupy some obscure place where I could honor and

glorify Him; some hidden place, where the eye of criticism could not feast itself on my defects. Not that I would fear its scorn, but would take the place I can best fill, the low and retired. There, perhaps, I may be permitted to labor until my Savior call me home. But oh, how unworthy of such a place! even to do the least work in his vineyard; not worthy to enjoy, may I be permitted to suffer, for his sake.

"July 22. How trifling the toils and the sufferings of the Christian, when compared with the Savior's! He, to redeem the deathless spirit, not only suffered, but died; 'on him was laid the iniquity of us all.' On us, how trifling the burden in comparison with this! How little conception can we have of the sufferings of him who knew the immortality of the soul, with its attributes, and relations to eternity, and the exceeding sinfulness of sin, with all its dreadful consequences. Oh, infinite knowledge, what did it know! Infinite sight, what did it see! Infinite strength, what did it endure! Infinite mercy, with what has it borne! What but Omnipotence can conceive?

"July 23. How sweet the return of another Sabbath, with its attendant blessings! Surely, a day spent in thy courts is better than a thousand, a faint emblem of that Sabbath of rest,

'Where congregations ne'er break up,
And Sabbaths never end.'

"Evening. Anticipated much pleasure from solitude, before I inquired the will of God. This self-love, how interwoven with every emotion of the

soul! But shall I consult my own feelings, and absent myself from the lecture-room, because I may receive more pleasure from books, and meditation, than from a sermon delivered from *such an one?* Will this be right? If it is the duty of ministers to preach, is it not my duty to hear? If I am not particularly edified, may not my presence, in some way, exert an influence, that others may be indirectly, if not directly, benefited? With these considerations, I cheerfully make the sacrifice.

> 'My life, which thou hast made thy care,
> Lord, I devote to thee.'"

Were all professors of religion as conscientious, and did they act accordingly, would not our houses of worship be better filled than they are?

"July 26. Returned from making calls. Think I met with one of those mourning characters which is particularly dear to the Savior's heart; but how poor is my strength to apply the precious promises of the gospel to the troubled heart. The Holy Spirit must accompany them, or the doubting will remain doubting still.

"July 27. Received calls to-day from the afflicted and from others who were indulging a faint hope. Oh for that wisdom which is profitable to direct, that I may be able to reprove, strengthen, and encourage, as circumstances require.

"July 30. Cannot forget the calls yesterday; particularly the remarks of one young lady. 'Oh,' said she, 'I cannot believe we are so depraved; we have many noble and refined feelings, and I

think we are better than you seem to represent.' Endeavored to point out the difference between those amiable qualities, those refined affections, of which many are the subjects, and those holy principles which originate from having been taught of God. Oh, how important to make the distinction between refined human nature, and those principles of moral purity which the Holy Spirit implants in the heart.

"August 2. Some sweet communion with the Savior. How lovely, how glorious is his image! how full his fullness! just suited to the wants of the poor, perishing sinner. How inexpressible his majesty! surrounded by an innumerable company, clothed with white robes, and palms in their hands, crying salvation to their God! Though he is thus elevated, how infinite his condescension! possessed of all things, yet subjected to the most extreme poverty! How interesting to view him in his humanity, as well as his divinity; for even in his humiliation, he is the same wonderful Counselor, the everlasting Father, the Prince of peace; just as wonderful then, as in the midst of the throne, receiving glory, honor, and power, from all the heavenly host. May I think of him in these characters as my friend and Savior, my Lord and my God? Can I be noticed by such a Being; can I be the object of his care and love? Oh, infinite condescension!

"August 3. How interesting is it to reflect upon that unexampled mission performed on earth by our glorious Redeemer! See the benevolence, forbear-

ance, and wisdom, which characterized every act; and how blessed the effects of such a mission — a glorious immortality purchased for us! Who will not wonder and admire? Who will not mourn over his suffering for a lost world, and repent of the sins which pierced his soul?

"August 4. Once more permitted to enjoy the delights of a peaceful solitude. What shall I render unto the Lord for all his kindness? Surely goodness and mercy have followed me, and my soul is humbled in me at the remembrance. Here in my chamber have I enjoyed the Savior's presence; here he has appeared as the one altogether lovely; not only as the Lamb of God, meek and lowly, but as the 'Lion of the tribe of Judah,' the only one to take the book, and to open the seals thereof. Yes, sacred has been the place, and sweet the solitude enjoyed by this poor worm, within these doors. Here have I loved to think of the favored disciple on the solitary isle of Patmos. How sweet must have been that lonely spot; how pure, how elevated the enjoyment of his soul. Banished from all the pleasures of earth, yet holding intercourse with the Alpha and Omega, and permitted to see the things that should afterwards be revealed. Ah! how little like banishment were those days to this blessed exile! Angels were his ministering spirits, to interpret the mysteries of the gospel. There he wept because none was found worthy to open the book and loose the seals thereof; and there he rejoiced, for he heard a voice sweeter

than all earthly sounds, 'saying to him, Weep not, behold the Lion of the tribe of Judah, the root of David, hath prevailed to open the book and to loose the seals thereof.' Oh, who would not choose to be absent from earthly friends, if he might enjoy the divine presence?

"August 5. Can I bear with patience the chastisement which my Heavenly Father may inflict? Can I do it, and feel no inward discontent? Mysterious are the dealings of God with me. How effectually he produces repentance, and faith, when he undertakes the work! My Father knoweth my frame, and where to strike to produce the necessary effect.

"August 14. Oh for a closer walk with God; that the life I now live in the flesh may be by faith. How far am I from what I should be! An uncomely plant, almost covered with weeds, seems a fit emblem of myself.

"August 17. Oh, preserve me from an entire knowledge of myself, for how could I bear the sight! Truly there is no soundness in me. Can discern no appearance of holiness, save an abhorrence of sin."

Perhaps there are but few who have had deeper views of their own sinfulness, than the subject of this memoir; yet we see her willing to bear the sufferings, however keen, occasioned by these views, and clinging as with the grasp of death to the righteousness of another. She continues:

"May the same finger that points to defects, point a way also to the remedy; and may I never forget that I must know myself, ere I can know my Savior; that I must first know my wretchedness, or never appreciate his blessedness. But how trying is the process. This sight of myself, how distressing. Every production, whether of the lips or hand, wears a sickening aspect, the mark of ignorance and folly.

"August 18. Shall I fear that light that discovers my faults and my follies? No; let me come to it, that they may be reproved, corrected, and forgiven; and never may I shrink from the suffering created by this knowledge.

"August 22. Oh, how precious the volume of truth! Hope would forever be driven back, were it not for the exceeding great and precious promises which it contains. Since the Lord has fashioned me to fill some place amid the work of his hands, may he take me from my ignorance and folly, and make me a humble proficient in the knowledge of God; and may some ability be given me by which I may win souls to Christ. A hope arises that it may be so, while it is written: 'He giveth power to the faint, and to him that hath no might he increaseth strength.' Dear Savior, may I prove a disciplined subject of thy grace, labor with thee on earth, and finally reign with thee in thy kingdom above."

CHAPTER IV.

Her Religious Character further developed—Laments the want of Knowledge in herself; in the Church; in the Ministers of the Gospel—An unusual season of Religious Enjoyment—Interchange of Christian Sympathy—Visits of a Week—Anxiety for a Revival.

"Aug. 27. How delightful to go to thine earthly courts, where prayer is 'wont to be made,' and listen to thy truth! The 51st of Isaiah seemed, as it was read, to purify the atmosphere, and make it sacred. The subject, from the passage, 'Who shall separate us from the love of Christ?' spoke emphatically to my heart, of the perpetuity of God's love to his children, through all the ills of life. It sweetly brought to recollection the scenes of the past, which I felt had not tended to separate from my Savior, but to attach me more closely to him. It also enabled me to contemplate still greater sufferings, with perfect tranquility; believing that God was able to give me strength to endure, and would make even suffering, the source of great joy.

"May this same love be perpetuated to the church, from generation to generation, amid all her sufferings. Oh that now the Almighty would strikingly display his grace; that he would arise and have mercy upon Zion, and build up her waste places. How long

shall she remain as though she had nothing to do, in the great work of converting the world to God? How long shall she appear as a dark spot, spreading around an influence, tending to extinguish even the light which shines out of the volume of truth, and sowing still deeper the seeds of skepticism in the natural heart."

Perhaps some may doubt the propriety of this language; but have we not reason to fear it is a mournful truth, and that the light of eternity will alone disclose the numbers who have been made confirmed unbelievers in the Christian religion, by the inconsistency of its professors?

The journal continues:

"Painful truth! that the Savior's dying groans are so forgotten! Oh that the church would remember his sufferings, put on the beautiful garment of his righteousness, and exert a sanctifying influence on all that behold her. What can this weak hand do, to accomplish this great work? Can I suffer? Can I labor to effect it? O Lord! what wilt thou have me do, that the health of the daughter of thy people may be restored? If by any effort of mine, judgments may be averted from her, point to that effort. With thy strength, I will not fear, 'though a host should encamp against me.'

"Aug. 28. O my Father, favor me with solitude, that I may weep over the desolation of Zion, and plead for the success of that gospel that falls so holily, so affectionately, from the lips of thy servant; that it may have an abiding effect upon those for

whose good it is intended; that he may not labor in vain, and spend his strength for nought.

"Aug. 29. How can I be but exceedingly sorrowful, at the remembrance of bleeding Zion; in view of the great dissimilarity between Zion, and Zion's King? How long shall the church manifest such cruel indifference toward the Being upon whose sufferings and death hang all her hopes? Oh, where shall I find rest from the anxiety occasioned by this indifference? Where is the pillow on which an aching head may recline? Where, oh, where is the land of rest? In Heaven! yes, all is there. Oh, how peaceful, how blissful the thought,

'There's rest for thee in Heaven.'

"And shall I mourn because of burdens? because of a few days of grief, in such a work, for which the blessed Savior sorrowed, suffered, and died? No; let me rejoice to suffer affliction with the people of God. Oh, let me be like the fruitful tree, bending under the burden of its fruit. And when this heart shall faint, for the longing it hath unto thy statutes, speak thou the cheering words:

'Mourner, when the sigh of sorrow
Rises from thy stricken breast;
Raise thy streaming eyes to mansions
Where the weary are at rest;
Sweetly telling,
There thou'lt be a welcome guest.'

"O Savior! to thee I commit my all. Do with me as seemeth thee good. And when the nature of the work thou mayest require, demands more

strength, impart it, as it shall seem good unto thee; and in all things, under all circumstances, enable me to say, 'thy will be done.'

"Sept. 4. Alas! my ignorance and folly. Have I one qualification that will warrant usefulness, in this dark world? Oh, this great work! Whose mind is vast enough to comprehend the gospel? And who is sufficient to trace all the intricate windings of this moral world, for which the gospel is designed. Yet there are those, who enter this vast field of labor, skilled but very imperfectly, either in the gospel, or in the knowledge of the world, for which it was designed. My spirit is stirred within me, at a view of my own contractedness in the knowledge of things so important. Am pained with my own ignorance, and that of others. The church of Christ, even, presents but a little better prospect than that of my own heart. She seems like unto the vineyard of the slothful, and the man void of understanding, and apparently content. Alas! there are some that spurn the idea of mental effort. But does not the science, relating to the Creator and creation; the Redeemer and redeemed, require all the energies of the mind? Is not the great Author of all things, intellectual, as well as moral? and is not his intellectual, greatness breathed forth, even in the blessedness of the gospel? Oh, how long shall this *ignorance*, or this *knowledge* that merely puffs up, swell the bosom with its contaminating influence; leaving no room for that elevating knowledge, which brings the loftiness of the heart low, by discovering to it its own ignorance, and utter insignificance?

How long shall it exist, even in the hearts of those who profess to be taught by the great source of knowledge, and to be prepared to proclaim the gospel to a dying world? How long shall the great and glorious plan of redemption, with the inexpressible perfectness of the Savior's character, with all the delightful wonders of the world above, be undervalued and belittled, by the scantiness of those who profess to be its advocates?"

We have made only a few extracts, from a number of pages on the importance of an educated ministry. It is presumed that those who knew Mrs. Porter, will not doubt her belief in the paramount necessity of divine teaching; yet, some may deem it strange, that she should think so much on a subject, that, in their opinion, did not particularly concern her. But her deep views of the darkness and ignorance of the human mind, of her own heart, and her ardent thirst for knowledge, with her strong desire, that the whole Christian world, as well as herself, might be useful in the cause of the Redeemer, enabled her, in some measure, to estimate the necessity of the improvement of the talents, committed to our trust.

And perhaps the peculiarities of her local situation, led her to think *much*, and *deeply*, on the important subject of the Christian ministry. While contemplating the great work of winning souls to Christ, she says: "Oh, how much is there to call forth every ability of the soul; how much need of the effectual, fervent prayer of a righteous man that

availeth much, that more may be qualified for the arduous undertaking, and study to show themselves workmen that need not be ashamed.

"Sept. 13. By the interposition of a kind Providence, attended the Association. The ride was rendered pleasant by heavenly contemplations.

"Sept. 14. The sanctuary seemed beautified by the presence of the Most High; its atmosphere purified by the breath of the Almighty. It was, to me, a place full of holy thought. His servants evinced, by their communications, that they had been taught of God, and that the Spirit gave them utterance."

We conclude, from the above remarks, that this meeting was one of deep interest, and a season to Miss Cushing, of high religious enjoyment; but what follows in this connection, shows that she possessed a discriminating mind, and felt, even at this time, the need of grace to enable her to bear the infirmities of others.

"But, alas!" she continues, "there were those present, who, though poorly qualified to teach, yet attempted to fill a place beyond their measure. But it taught me the need of patience. The meeting closed by commemorating our Savior's death. To me, the season was memorable. It inspired new desires for entire consecration to God.

"Oct. 20. During the past month, God's ability to do his pleasure in heaven and on earth, has appeared glorious; and to bear more of the image of his beloved son, has been my first object of pursuit,

and I trust, of ardent, persevering prayer. Things of earth, while in any other place save that for which they were designed, have seemed like vanity of vanities.

"The services of the sanctuary have been sweet. The Sabbath school has been a subject of deep interest. To contemplate the amount of good which these children, by the divine blessing, would be capable of performing; or the amount of evil which they might do, or influence others to do, if left to their own wayward propensities; to know that such were intrusted to my care, and to the care of others; and that the instructions imparted, would have a bearing upon their own destiny, and that of millions through all the future; has called forth more earnest prayer, that this amount of mind might be renewed, nurtured and disciplined by the Holy Spirit, and go forth to bless the world. Have felt that all benevolent institutions have a claim upon our efforts and our prayers.

"The cause of Christ has been very dear, and the object to which all others should be subservient."

About this time, she speaks in the following manner, of a season of enjoyment with which she was favored:

"It was a fine autumnal day, when the Savior seemed to call me away from earthly friends to a private place, apart from all below, there to unveil his lovely face, and show me the glories of his character. The darkness which obscured the attributes of Jehovah was in some measure drawn aside,

and the Savior was never so near; never could I so peacefully recline on his bosom, and listen to his high, his holy, his more immediate instructions, as at this memorable hour. My chamber seemed filled with the breath of the Almighty; holiness to the Lord, to be inscribed on all its contents; while a transforming power bound my soul to him as with silken cords. Fields of toil were presented to my mind, accompanied with a view of the deficiencies of my heart, while the Spirit made intercession for me, 'with groanings that could not be uttered.' Shall I ever forget this season? No, never; it did indeed seem an advance toward heaven.

"Although these exercises were attended with great joy, they caused many anxieties, watchings, and searchings of heart, and I trust more entire submission to the will of God.

"Oct. 22. Spent the last night with a dear friend, who anticipates a missionary life. Thanks be to God for this kindred spirit! By a mutual interchange of feeling, and a union of heart at the throne of grace, we have been bound together, like two of old. May Heaven prepare her for usefulness and glory.

"Oct. 30. Have been solicited to spend a few weeks in an adjoining town; have anticipated it with pleasure. Until now, providences have prevented, perhaps, on account of my unfitness; that I had not sufficiently learned my own weakness, to go only in the strength of the Lord God, and do all in his name, and for his glory. Once, happiness was the grand object of pursuit in visiting friends,

thinking but little whether God would be glorified or not. Oh! may this heart bleed in view of such indifference.

"Can but hope the scene is now reversed, and that what I now do, is in some measure done by faith in the Son of God; that it is my desire to glorify him in my body and spirit, regardless of all gratifications save those which consist in doing his will. May I be enabled, in the future, by swift obedience to his commands, to show 'how much I owe, how much I love.'"

After giving some account of the manner in which her time was spent during this visit, with a description of an interesting conversation she held with a young lady who was under serious impressions, she says:

"It was delightful to labor for Christ; it was easy to commune with him in the midst of company, even at the dinner or tea table; his Spirit was ready to take the things of God and show them unto me."

In the following remarks, made concerning a church conference she attended while on this visit, the reader will find a rather graphic description of but too many similar meetings held by our churches during times of religious declension.

"Saturday. Attended the church conference. A few composed the meeting, and these seemed united in one general bond of indifference. It did indeed seem that there was a reciprocal interchange of lukewarmness, a 'measuring themselves by them-

selves, and comparing themselves among themselves;' and that they were thus strengthened to inactivity and slothfulness. They were united in the fundamental truths of the gospel, but appeared to be sleeping over this union; as though all was gained, by being established in some points of doctrine. My spirit was stirred within me, while I listened to these rehearsals; it seemed that the Spirit might say to the church in ———, 'I would thou wert cold or hot.'

"Nov. 7. On Monday, returned home, the place dearest to my heart. Reflected with pleasure, and I hope profit, on the past week; trust the time has not been spent in vain.

"Nov. 8. To-day the Congregational church commences a protracted meeting. May good be accomplished, in the name of the Redeemer.

"Nov. 15. Attended the meeting; trust many prayers were offered in faith; important remarks were made from the pulpit, and also by members of churches. The female prayer meetings were deeply interesting, and apparently productive of good. During the meeting, a worthy friend, for whom I had long interceded with my Maker, gave me her hand, and asked for one more interview; she believed in God, and hoped she could say, 'Abba Father.' Our interview was pleasant. I was led to reflect upon the past, and gaze with gratitude on the present. My hopes were now realized, and I could rejoice in the goodness of God; yet objects continually arose, calling for lamentation, fasting, and prayer. Of these, the church of which I was a

member, was among the most prominent. Her welfare was of more consequence than any earthly good; while to look upon immortal beings, dead in trespasses and sins, continually violating God's holy law, and still unconscious of their guilt and danger, excited the deepest sympathy. On the other hand, to behold those who had professed to be followers of Christ, lights in the world, yet often proving as dark spots, to obscure the light of Christianity; then to consider the demands these several characters have on those who stand as guides, and to reflect that the dispensation of the gospel has been committed to frail beings, beings liable to err, to mistake the path of duty, to substitute anecdotes for the truths of the bible; and to say things to excite the passions and alarm the conscience, while the understanding is left dark, and the judgment unconvinced; I could but intercede with the Lord of the harvest, that he would send forth faithful laborers into his harvest. Had sweet access to the King of kings, while I was encouraged by the promise, 'The Lord shall comfort Zion, he will build all her waste places.'"

It was probably about this time that several were added to the Congregational church, as in her journal under date of Nov. 17., we find the following:

"Thou Shepherd of the sheep! keep those lambs, so recently introduced into thy fold. Guide them into all truth, and lead them unto living fountains of water."

CHAPTER V.

Visit to her Pastor—Alternate Discouragement and Hope—Faith in God—Interesting series of Meetings—Revival.

MRS. PORTER'S faith was still strong that God would visit the church in mercy; but she believed that special effort was necessary. She says:

"Nov. 23. May I not go to our pastor, and tell him the blessing in store for his people, and of the effort necessary on the part of the church for its descent? Will it be officious? will it be a digression from the path of propriety? My Father! I submit it to thee."

"Nov. 24. Returned from the beloved family of our pastor, to mourn over their sorrows. They seemed disheartened on account of the little success which they thought had attended their labors since their removal to this place. All their efforts appeared to them to be paralyzed by some counteracting influence; and they had but little hope of success in further attempts. But for myself, I feel that to go back is to die; and to go forward is but to die: and to suppress the emotions of the soul on a subject so momentous, is like the attempt to annihilate an immortal spirit, or to forever shut the door of hope from its vision.

"'Let the sighing of the prisoner come before thee,' O Lord; 'according to the greatness of thy power preserve thou those that are appointed to die.' 'So we thy people, and sheep of thy pasture, will give thee thanks forever.'

"Nov. 25. I have great heaviness, and continual sorrow for the church. But shall this heart break? No! For I will listen to the promise, 'I have set watchmen on thy walls, O Jerusalem, that shall never hold their peace.'

"Can I despair, with such promises of his unchanging love? May I not believe, great God, that praise waits for thee in Zion? and that our pastor, who has labored under so many discouragements, and, in reviewing the past, has so often been constrained to say, 'Who hath believed our report, and to whom hath the arm of the Lord been revealed,' will ere long reap a plentiful harvest, as the reward of his labors? That which hath been sown in tears, will be reaped in joy? and instead of painful apprehensions, he will gaze with wonder on what God has wrought? May he have strength equal to his day.

"Nov. 26. The Lord is waiting to be gracious; great things seem at the door, and a sweet voice is whispering, 'Prove me, and see if I will not pour you out a blessing.' God seems waiting to be proved by new and untried efforts, on the part of the church; but when will she come up to the help of the Lord against the mighty?"

Under the above date, she inserts the prayer of the prophet Daniel, chapt. 9: 17—19, as expressive of her feelings. Were there but *one* member in a church, whose exercises and labors were similar to hers, might we not hope a blessing would ensue?

"Nov. 27. Recently heard an interesting sermon by our pastor, from the words, 'I say, through the grace given unto me, to every man that is among you, not to think of himself more highly than he ought to think, but to think soberly, according as God has dealt to every man the measure of faith.' In pointing out the many ways in which the Christian, even, was liable to think more highly of himself than he ought, he spoke of the naturally ardent temperament, which was often considered holy zeal, and a source of self-commendation. My own character appears the mirror, reflecting the properties described, and, perhaps, the one which has drawn forth this important scrutiny from this man of God."

The reader will perceive that Miss C. possessed little of that generosity which disposes many hearers to appropriate the faithful instructions from the desk, to others, receiving but a small portion themselves. She continues:

"But can I think highly of myself, while so many reasons present themselves for thinking soberly and sorrowfully? And can I believe this ardent temperament acts without divine agency? Search me, O God, and know my heart.

"Nov. 30. A day for general thanksgiving and praise. In retracing the last year, its joys and sorrows, can but consider it among the most favored of all the past. The experience I have had of the blessings consequent upon trials, has taught me in some measure to look forward to the future, now shrouded in darkness and doubt, with confidence in the promise, that 'all things shall work together for good, to those who love God.' As a nation, what reason for thanksgiving and praise; yet, what cause for fasting, humiliation, and prayer! Here let me mourn over that portion who are styled the salt of the earth; who ought to have virtue to save, but in so many instances are like that which has lost its savor.

"Oh that my head were waters, and mine eyes a fountain of tears, that I might weep day and night for the slain of the daughter of my people."

The prayer meeting on this evening, was held a mile from her residence. Her journal expresses her trials relative to attending it; her fears of impropriety on the one hand, and a belief that it might be her duty, on the other. But after reflecting on the hardships of the ancient saints, of the missionary of the present day, the beloved Mrs. Wade, she says:

"What is the simple circumstance of walking a mile in the evening alone, even if I should wet the sole of my foot, or incur censure by so doing? Let me never talk of improprieties when God calls to action. I will go in the strength of the Lord God;

desiring to count nothing dear but the will of my Maker.

"Dec. 1. The last evening's walk was made pleasant by the assurance that in God I lived, moved, and had my being; the God in whom that 'great company' trusted, who had gone before me to a world of bliss. Could look forward to the trials of the future, believing that strength would be given me, equal to my day; that whatever might be the design of my Maker with regard to such a worm, he could make his grace sufficient. If the church of God required the great, the mighty, and the learned, to make it up in all its parts, and perform all its offices, this hand would be refused, would have no part to act. But God has 'chosen the weak,' and 'things that are not, to bring to nought things that are.' In their original state, they are truly weak and despised; but when prepared to work together with God, *he* 'is made unto them, wisdom, righteousness, sanctification, and redemption.' According as it is written, 'he that glorieth, let him glory in the Lord.' How exalting the thought, to be permitted to be 'laborers together with God!' Sweet, to be counted a fool for his sake, and to sacrifice whatever is dear if his glory demands it.

"Dec. 3. Can but hope the Lord will incline his people to use the means of his own appointment, to accomplish the great work of saving souls, and making of lively stones a spiritual house. Must believe that many who now walk these streets, and who as yet have no fear of God before their eyes, are marked by him, for the purpose of building up the

waste places in the church of Christ; for with God all things are possible. How sweet the promise, 'Ask what ye will, and it shall be done unto you.' How elevating the command, 'Have faith in God.'

"Dec. 4. Returned from public worship. The sanctuary was made not only pleasant by the exhibition of truth, but a heavenly place to my soul; while I looked away from the things which were seen, to the 'things which are unseen.' Though the day was rainy, and but here and there a hearer, faith pointed to the time when these vacated seats would be filled with anxious souls; when God's servants would stand before them, commissioned by the Most High, and the church come up to the help of the Lord against the mighty; when the glory of the Lord should fill the house, and make it awful by his presence. Yes, God will accomplish the work; 'I AM THAT I AM' has said it. Delightful to the Christian is the thought, that he will work, and none can hinder the execution of his purpose.

"Dec. 5. A Christian brother says, a meeting of the church is to be held to consult upon the expediency of holding a series of religious meetings. What hath God wrought? Prayer is heard; a little cloud is indeed rising. Dear Savior, incline thy people to inquire of thee what thou wilt have them do.

"Dec. 6. Once more alone, to enjoy the pleasures of a peaceful fireside. How kind is my Savior! He seems, in his wise providence, to have removed a pleasant companion to manifest himself to me, as the one altogether lovely; and to-day, to prevent

those frequent calls, and pressure of business, incident to such a life as mine, that I might be alone with God; that these hours of holy intercourse should not be interrupted. How awful is this place! Who can see Thee, and live? 'The secret of the Lord is with them that fear him, and he will show them his covenant.' How true!

"Dec. 7. Oh, how elevating to contemplate the character of the Most High. What pleasure so refined and virtuous, as that connected with a prompt obedience to his law? And how strong the love exhibited to a dying world by the requirements of this law! How true the assertion that 'God is love!'

"Dec. 9. This day set apart for consultation with regard to the expediency of a protracted meeting. Could but rise before the day had dawned, to lie at the feet of the Great First Cause, and plead that the Holy Spirit might attend this meeting. The crisis appeared one of deep interest, demanding much prayer and fasting. Felt a degree of prostration of soul, truly elevating. To be permitted to go in before the King of Glory, to cleave to his feet, and supplicate his favor for his subjects, that he would incline them to reach forth the hand to receive the blessing, could but excite adoration and praise, corresponding in some measure with that of the Psalmist: 'Let the people praise thee, O God; let all the people praise thee. Then shall the earth yield her increase; and God, even our own God, shall bless us.'

"Saturday eve. Returned from conference; and truly 'the day-spring from on high hath visited us.'

The Lord seems inclining his people to effort; they have agreed to hold a series of religious meetings, where they may more directly wait upon him, in the services of the sanctuary. May God add his blessing, and cause his face to shine upon them.

"Dec. 10. Attended public worship, and the evening prayer meeting, where the Lord seemed present by his Spirit, to convince of sin, of righteousness, and of judgment; and to strengthen the prayer of faith. The season was rendered solemn and interesting by the presence of a number of apparently anxious souls. The thought of the sinner having lived where the gospel shines with unclouded brightness, and still refusing to walk in its light, and the consequence of his living and dying without repentance, bore upon the mind with incalculable weight, and so enlisted every faculty of the soul, in behalf of the undying spirit, that God's strength alone was sufficient for the day. The sinner appeared mourning over his lost condition; and the Christian over his sloth and sinfulness. The set time to favor Zion seemed to have come.

"Dec. 11. Oh how vast the work of building the walls of Zion! Who is sufficient to go into this moral wilderness, and prepare a people for the Lord? He that takes weapons that are not carnal, but mighty; the sword of the Spirit, and the prayer of faith.

"Dec. 13. The time has almost arrived, when a new effort will be put forth on the part of the church. The work, indeed, is great; too great for unaided human

power. Oh! the amount of alienated affection, of immortal mind, which will be influenced by this effort either for weal or woe! mind without spiritual life, yet possessing many lovely traits of character; alive to deep and exquisite feeling, capable of high moral and intellectual culture; of enjoyment kindred to that above; yet without God and without hope in the world. O Lord, we look to thee for help, beseeching thee to send us men mighty in the scriptures, apt to teach, and wise in winning souls to Christ.

"Dec 24. The day was awfully solemn! consequences of no ordinary magnitude are pending, calling for watchfulness and ardent prayer.

"Dec. 25. The cares of the world press heavily, the interests of Zion yet more; the former upon the hands, the latter upon the heart; demanding labor for both worlds. Can a worm sustain a mountain, and not be crushed? May perfect strength make perfect weakness strong.

"Dec. 27. The series of religious meetings so long desired, commenced to-day.

"Dec. 28. The assembly was large. The services of the evening appeared to be marked by the Divine presence. The female prayer meeting, held during the intervals of worship, was rendered peculiarly solemn by fervent intercessions for the descent of the Holy Spirit. The night was spent in wakeful anxiety for the soul destined to live forever.

"Dec. 29. The house was crowded with apparently interested hearers. Solemnity marked every countenance. The church is awakened, backsliders

are reclaimed, and sinners inquiring what they shall do to be saved. Truly, the Lord is in this place, beautifying the sanctuary with his presence.

"At our female prayer meeting, it seemed that a heart of stone must be moved to see the number collected, and to hear from one, 'Pray for me,' and from another, 'Pray for me;' and from others, by the silent tear and sigh, 'Remember me.' We felt that God was in our midst, convincing of sin, of righteousness, and of judgment; and that his Spirit made intercession for us. The place was, to us, sweet and awful; and truly so to *one*, because she remembered that the same Spirit had made intercession, in the same rooms, in days of darkness and doubt.

"Dec. 30. The forenoon was spent in prayer and conference. The season was one of *deep* interest, made so by the presence of immortal spirits, destined to live forever, either to endure, or to enjoy; and by the divine influence which appeared to be shed down upon us, leading to repentance, and inditing the prayer of faith.

"In the afternoon, preaching and prayer as usual. Truth was indeed exhibited in strains of holy eloquence, and as though it could not return void, but accomplish the thing whereunto it was sent. The female prayer meeting, held at intervals, seemed characterized by agonizing prayer; by that holy wrestling which takes no denial, but draws down blessings from above.

"Dec. 31. Lord's day. The sanctuary rendered no less awful, than in the preceeding days. A

short time since, and the bell called no anxious souls to the house of prayer. A short time since, and many pews were empty. What hath God wrought? Some who have for fifteen or twenty years been subjects of grace, but have hitherto been kept back by unbelief from owning its power, are now ready to say, 'Come and hear, all ye that fear God, and I will declare what he hath done for my soul.' Others, who have for a short season been seeking Christ, have found him precious to their souls.

"Services as usual; with a house full of solemn and attentive hearers. Also two inquiring meetings, made deeply interesting by the presence of anxious sinners.

"Jan. 1, 1838. The forenoon spent in prayer and exhortation. We felt that a 'greater than Solomon was there.' The services of the afternoon, as usual. We did indeed sit together 'in heavenly places in Christ Jesus.' An inquiring meeting was held during the evening, separate from the services of the sanctuary. The power of God was there displayed by 'terrible things in righteousness;' *very many* were under *deep* distress. The servants of God appeared endowed with that which none could gainsay or resist; while in the sanctuary the prayer of faith seemed to rise from every Christian's heart, like incense before God.

"Jan. 2. Met in the evening, house full, and we were again saluted with the songs of the delivered. The protracted meeting closed; and we felt that God's promises were sure; that we had proved him, and he had indeed poured us out a blessing.

"Jan. 14. The sanctuary was a delightful place, while the audience listened to the exhibition of truth; every countenance was solemn, apparently from the recollection that Christ had died for the redemption of the soul. At the evening prayer meeting, the gentle influences of the Holy Spirit seemed present, to calm and regulate the passions, discipline the affections, and make God's house a house of order. The healthful instructions of the pastor conspired to bring the heart into subserviency to Christ."

CHAPTER VI.

Peculiar trials—Letters—Unlikeness to Christ—Mourning over Fallen Mind—Richness of the Gospel—Her Business uncongenial to her Feelings—Letter to an aged Minister.

During this interesting revival of religion, the heart of Miss Cushing was in the work. To promote the interest of the Redeemer's kingdom was her great desire; for this she was willing to labor, to suffer. Probably there are many living witnesses to her usefulness at that time; many who have not forgotten, and can never forget, the affectionate interest she manifested for their spiritual welfare. But there were other cares that pressed upon her spirit; calls of a secular nature, to which some, perhaps, thought she ought to devote a more exclusive attention.

From what follows in her journal at this time, we are led to suppose that the fear of mistaking the path of duty—of neglecting her business on the one hand, and thus bringing a reproach on the cause she loved, or of disregarding the claims of her Savior on the other, brought on her mind severe conflicts.

"January 17. The cares of my business are pressing their claims upon me, while the possibility of digressing from the path of duty is exceedingly painful. Yet the claims of the Redeemer's cause

are stronger than all others. Individuals have been suggested to my mind as objects of prayer and effort, and how can I leave such a field of immortal beings, of so much value, to attend to calls, which so soon will be as though they had never been?

'Guide me, O thou great Jehovah.'

To this the Holy Spirit seems responding. 'In all thy ways acknowledge him, and he shall direct thy steps.' In thy name I go.

"In some families the Holy Spirit appears to be convincing of sin in a wonderful manner, and producing repentance unto life.

"January 18. To day a meeting for relation of Christian experience; one of deep interest, in which nine gave a reason of their hope in Christ; and others are yet waiting to do so; while many more are anxiously inquiring, what they shall do to inherit eternal life. What hath God wrought for his people! Not for our sake, but for his great name's sake.

"Solicited to visit a family, the mother of which is in a peculiar, yet interesting state of mind. Oh, how urgent the call for entire consecration to God! How binding the command, to forsake all for Christ! Yet how strong the ties which bind to earth. How interwoven with every fibre of the soul, are the claims of the world, and of friends too, upon the heart.

"But one, who has a stronger claim than all these, says, 'It is enough for the disciple that he be as his master, and the servant as his Lord.' 'He that loseth his life for my sake shall find it.'

"How strong the controversy in this heart; how weak the object acted upon. And in her weakness can she sustain the loss of all things? and bear to have broken the ties which have grown with her growth and strengthened with her strength—those, too, which constitute the strongest affections of her heart? Can she be dead to those silent, yet expressive emotions, which she believes to exist in the bosom of her friends for her interest, and which are so fully reciprocated by her own? Can she hate all these, and her own life also, and esteem the consequent reproaches, greater riches than the treasures of earth? Dear Savior! strengthen me so to do; and let me evermore remember Him, who endured such contradiction of sinners against himself; who was rich, yet for our sakes became poor; took upon him the form of a servant, and made himself of no reputation. Oh, may I feel willing to sacrifice all I hold dear, if it is thy pleasure; and henceforward follow thee, remembering the promise, that whoever hath left all for Christ, shall receive manifold more in this present time, and in the world to come, life everlasting."

An extract from a letter written by Miss C., at this time, to a beloved sister, will now be given; it evinces her deep concern for her spiritual welfare. After having given her an account of the revival, and those who were the subjects of it, she says,

"And now, my dear sister, what *shall* I, what *can* I say to you? My heart goes after you. Your sins you know too well to believe them to be of small magnitude. I think you must have been convinced

of sin, of righteousness, and of judgment, long ere this; and the dreadful consequences of rejecting the counsel of God, against yourself! But have you ever repented of sin? Have you ever viewed Christ as 'the end of the law for righteousness to every one that believeth?' Oh, what can *I* say, that will speak louder than the intelligence above given? Will you have a part and a lot in this matter? Suffer me, my sister, to hold up before you once more, that holy law of God, which you and I have violated; permit me to point you to the penalty of that law, which you must feel will be justly executed upon the impenitent; and let me again hold up before you, a crucified Savior, saying, 'Father, forgive them, for they know not what they do.' Here is the Lamb of God who taketh away the sins of the world; who, if you will come to him, will redeem you from the curse of the law, which rests upon you, if you have never had true repentance.

"But I would not point you so much to the consequences of sin, as to its exceeding sinfulness, as committed against a holy and just God.

"Now, my sister, repentance and faith in the Lord Jesus Christ, will not only increase your happiness here, but will warrant you an open admission into that glorious world, where sin and sorrow can never enter. And will your heart not relent, will it not break, when you think of Calvary?

"My heart is full, but I forbear. Write soon.

"D. H. Cushing."

The two following extracts are from letters addressed to an intimate friend. When the first was written, that individual was contemplating a missionary life. The latter is of a later date.

"BLOOMFIELD, February 21.

"The sentiments, dear J., expressed in your kind letter were read with tears of affection and sympathy. * * * * * * *

"Sometimes I feel that if I was competent to do good, it would be the delight of my soul; and under a sense of my nothingness, I am constrained to fall at the feet of Him, who has said, 'If any lack wisdom, let them ask of me.'

"Blessed privilege! What should we do, if we had no advocate with the Father? Is it not strange that we, or that I, should ever neglect such an unparalleled source of relief, when oppressed with anxiety and sorrow? I, hope you know nothing of the ways of the transgressor; and oh, may you never remonstrate against the will of your Heavenly Father.

"After reading your letter, I could but weep, as in imagination I viewed you bending beneath the trial which now oppresses you. But you know that in the Lord Jehovah is everlasting strength; and he will do all his pleasure. He knows how to dispose of his dear children, and whose hand will be useful in building up his cause. Oh, how interesting to reflect on his glorious purposes!

"Earth and hell with all their powers conspire to paralyze the arm of Christian philanthropy, and

overthrow the kingdom of our Lord and Savior; but what will it all avail, so long as the great cause is an infinite God, and he, working in the hearts of his children, to will and to do of his own good pleasure. Permit me to say to you, J., while self-sacrifice is demanded, that the path of duty is a path of pleasure and not of pain; the greater the denial, the more grace you will have to help you onward.

"Would that I could say something to encourage you to persevere in the work of self-denial and personal deprivation. But I am can only direct you to the Lord. His grace is sufficient for you; he requires no more than he can enable you joyfully to perform. You have an arm engaged for your protection and preservation, which cannot be palsied by human agency. * * * Go onward, then, dear J., enduring all things, counting not your own life dear unto yourself, that you may win souls to Christ. * * *

"D. H. CUSHING."

BLOOMFIELD, August 31.

"MY DEAR J.:

"Pardon the manner in which I address you.

"When I think of you, which is very often, I think of you as you once were, because I have known but little of you as you now are, Mrs. ———. How far apart we are, and how different our locations, from what they were when we last sat side by side. Do you think of the happy hours, we have spent together, and remember the places where

we met, and talked, and knelt before the mercy seat, with our hearts and hands knit together?

"Do you remember those special seasons when we seemed admitted so near the bosom of the Savior?

"You do, you cannot forget them. Now, J., allow me to talk of experience, of feelings, just as I used to, for I know little else. The little self-knowledge I possess, and religious knowledge I have gained, are, you know, my themes. This, and this only, can make me wise unto salvation. I long to be wise in that which shall never vanish away; wise for the glory of God, and so, wise for myself. The past summer has been passed principally in self-examination, and I am astonished at the character of my own heart, its ignorance and selfishness.

"I mourn, dear J., that I have served God so little, and myself so much; that I have had so little of his mind in me, teaching me to deny myself, with every fond affection.

"I desire that my whole soul may be given up to Christ, to do his will. O my friend, this world of dying, and yet never dying souls! fitting for eternity — to be more blessed, or more cursed! Why do we not believe God's word, and keep in view that day, when the heavens shall be rolled together as a scroll, and the elements melt with fervent heat. Why do we not feel more in view of this dreadful day? We make all necessary preparation for expected meetings, journeys, and the like, but the *great meeting* that will ere long be called—for this, we make poor preparation." * *

"January 26. This afternoon, called on dear relatives; had some conversation on the final destiny of the soul. Alas! how prone are they to hold controversy with their Maker! Oh, will he not have mercy, and show them with whom they contend? How long, dear Savior, shall these friends be borne with grief upon this heart?

"January 27. This afternoon, church conference. We did indeed sit together in a 'heavenly place in Christ Jesus.' Fourteen are now waiting for baptism; most of whom are in the morning of life, and promise usefulness.

"February 12. Were it not for my great unlikeness to Christ, would delight to talk of benefits received and pleasure enjoyed from communion with him; but as it is, would it not be a libel on his character? If a person is known by the company he keeps, he exhibits to the world something of those peculiar traits which characterize that company, whether virtuous and elevated, or otherwise; and do I exhibit those graces which adorned the Savior? Do I possess any of that decision of character, that Christian independence, which moves forward, regardless of flatteries and frowns; any of that willingness to suffer, which he manifested? Alas! how wanting in every requisite to portray his lovely character! and how many judge of the king, by the poverty of his subjects!

"February 13. Last evening, a dear friend, for whose conversion I had felt a deep interest, called to converse on the subject of baptism; endeavored

to explain to her our belief, and also, at her request, our views with regard to communion. Oh, may that dear friend be willing to follow Christ, at the expense of all things.

"February 14. A meeting for the relation of Christian experience. Truly God has not forgotten to be gracious. Oh, for more thankfulness, more humility, more entire consecration to him. Oh, for patience in tribulation! The Savior says, 'What ye know not now, ye shall know hereafter.' How sweet to submit all to him;

> 'To lie passive in his hand,
> And know no will but his.'

"February 20. Oh, the luxury of a peaceful solitude! when the heart seeks its kindred among the blest above,—looks away from earth to heaven, where anthems of praise will forever enrapture the immortal spirit, no more to be oppressed by a house of clay, or a world of care. How delightful are those communications which raise the soul to heaven, and assist in the contemplation of Him whom the soul loveth. But who can comprehend the greatness and goodness of Jehovah in his works of creation and redemption; how bright, how pure the gems, which lie beneath the surface of this sea of love. But alas! how many despise the riches of God's goodness. Oh, the immortal spirit! must it ever pursue a shadow? Must that never-ceasing life spend its strength for naught, while all the blessedness of the world above, all the riches of the fullness of God, are freely offered, without money

and without price? Will man always feed upon the wind, while such a feast as the gospel provides is set before him, with but one endearing command, 'My son, give me thine heart'? Oh, what calls for fasting and prayer! See this mass of mind, devoted to the wisdom of this world, which is foolishness with God; see them sowing to the flesh, without realizing that they must reap corruption.

"February 25. Dear Savior, I mourn my proneness to retrograde in the service of such a Being; that in so many instances, I have neglected to warn of danger—so often have slept as have others; that I have not *incessantly* strove to obey thy commands. Oh, may I henceforth live, not after the rudiments of this world, but after Christ.

"February 26. The gospel's joyful sound, exhibited through organs of clay, has but just died away. How delightful to listen to these heralds of salvation, while they prove themselves workmen needing not to be ashamed—skillful in word and doctrine—illustrating the perfections of the Divine character—and beseeching us in Christ's stead to become reconciled to God.

"But how poor the ability of the human mind to comprehend such a volume of perfection! It is high—who can attain unto it? We can only begin to comprehend infinity. Only think of God, as the Alpha and Omega! And yet, he is accessible to frail worms of earth; just such a being as the poor sinner needs; and he is encouraged to approach, with all the familiarity of a friend, and even permitted to recline on his bosom. Yes, with all his

ineffable glory, he remembered fallen man — that there was no one to redeem his brother, or give to God a ransom. Then he said, 'Lo I come, to do thy will, O God!' when he knew that naught but the agony of a sinless soul, sustained by infinite strength, could expiate the guilt of a lost world. Amazing love! 'Compassion like a God.'

"February 27. Yesterday spent with my very dear friend, Miss L. How expressive of my Heavenly Father's care is her friendship? as if he knew that the benefits and pleasures of a reciprocal interchange of feeling and sentiment, were just what this thirsty spirit craved; and directed a kindred heart to participate in the joys and sorrows incident to this life.

"Sabbath evening. What means this bitter cup? The future seems one vast field of labor and toil; every earthly hope appears to be torn away or shrouded in one scene of self-denial. Oh for one ray of light in this dark hour! Something seems to whisper, 'I will show you how great things you must suffer for my name's sake.'

"March 24. Conference, at which six gave evidence of being born again."

From many subsequent remarks in her journal, the reader will perceive that the business in which she was engaged had become uncongenial to her feelings. To devote her time more exclusively to the Redeemer's kingdom was now her ardent desire; and we have thought it was as difficult for her to bring her mind down from heavenly contem-

plations to the ordinary cares of earth, as for most Christians to raise their minds from those cares to things above. It is not strange, therefore, that she should find it extremely irksome to be obliged to conform to the wishes of the vain and trifling; yet she could not feel justified in taking one step to relieve herself from this state which she deemed servitude, without plain indications that it was the Divine will. Under date of April 5, she says,

"Oh how unsuited to the best feelings of the heart are the cares, fashions, and customs, of this present life? and must I be called from the work which constitutes the bliss of life, to labor for the things that perish? and instead of studying the perfections of God, study to please the fancy of the fanciful? O my Father! how long shall these chains bear so heavily upon me, and bind the hand that would be entirely devoted to thee?

"April 15. To-day, baptism was administered to seven willing converts.

"April 19. Yesterday devoted to the perusal of Edwards on the Affections, and it appeared to be armed for the destruction of life; as if sweeping away the hope, which constitutes the bliss of life, the bliss of thought. Hours gone by seemed coming back, only to discompose, and distract—hours which had passed for sweet communion with God, now appeared the result of a vain and heated imagination. Yet hope was keenly alive, and laboring to sustain itself. The work did indeed seem like the refiner's fire, to consume the dross, that the

pure gold should come forth to the praise of the Purifier; and may he sit, as a refiner's fire, till every thing false shall be consumed; and high, and holy principles, with corresponding affections, reign triumphant.

"O my soul, wait thou only upon the Lord; endure the refining process, until fashioned like unto himself. See him sitting, waiting to discover his fair image, with mercy in his eye, and sympathy in his heart, kindly whispering, 'Satan has desired to have thee, that he might sift thee as wheat, but I have prayed for thee, that thy faith fail not.'"

The following letter, written about this time, to the late venerable Sylvanus Boardman, father of the Missionary, gives a continued account of the revival.

"BLOOMFIELD, April, 1838.

"VENERABLE FATHER:

"I have wished much to tell you of the pleasing revival here, and more than once have taken my pen to do so; but supposing you would have a more correct and interesting account from some other source, have laid it aside.

"But I deem it a privilege to write to you, and my credulous heart prompts me to believe that it will not be uninteresting to you, to receive some account of that interesting work from my hand. As it regards the protracted meeting, I need say nothing. You were present, to know and feel its worth. Our meetings since have been full of interest; still-

ness and solemnity have always characterized them. The countenance has appeared the index to the heart, telling what was being effected there.

"In all the relations given by those who obtained hope, the only reason for loving God was, because he first loved them—that he had chosen them or they never would have chosen him; and as reasons for repentance, they had broken a holy law, and were justly exposed to its penalty. They expressed no sorrow on the account of this penalty, but because they had sinned; and mourned that this sorrow was no deeper.

"I think you would have said in regard to them, with the Apostle, 'Ye are his workmanship, created in Christ Jesus.' Many of the church have seemed like 'captive exiles loosed from the pit,' and the promise has been fulfilled, 'the redeemed of the Lord shall return with singing unto Zion.'

"Between twenty-five and thirty have been made subjects of this revival, many of whom have been baptized, and others are waiting an opportunity.

"Several, when relating their experience, referred to remarks made by father Boardman, as being productive of good to them. I mention this as proof that your last days—if not your best—are useful; and permit me to say, they have been useful to me. I think that I am writing to one who has too much grace, to feel anything but grateful emotions for the good he has been enabled to do."

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CHAPTER VII.

Heavenly Contemplations — Strugglings of Unbelief — Consequent Sorrow.

"APRIL 20. The moments of the past seem coming back, as gold more once than purified. Oh, can I ever forget the time *when*, and the place *where*, Infinite Fullness vouchsafed to notice and to bless exceeding emptiness? Can I ever forget the holy rapture occasioned by the glorious prospects of the future? Just as well may the sun forget to set. But 'what is man, that thou art mindful of him, or the son of man, that thou visitest him!'

"Oh, this house of clay! how poor to embody an immortal spirit, that makes its refuge God, God its thought, God its bliss, and God its centre. O utterance! why art thou so palsied? O language! why art thou so powerless! But for this, would talk of his goodness, and tell of his power. If I make the attempt, it is only perfect inferiority; if I presume to describe, it is only to mock description. O Heaven! grant Heaven's help, to describe Heaven's glory!

"Well might the Apostle say, 'unspeakable!' Yes, infinitely beyond the reach of language. And what am I, to talk of thee, I who am of yesterday and know nothing! The language of holy silence

can better tell of thee. Behold, I am vile; what shall I answer thee? I will lay my hand upon my mouth!

"But how can this tongue be silent, when the whole earth is full of his glory! How can utterance be withheld, while the bosom swells with holy rapture, in view of Him, who makes an entire fullness of all that the thirsty spirit can desire—the source of all that is great and glorious. As well may coals of fire be heaped upon the bosom, and it not be burned, as the soul be silent, after having drank at the fount of such infinite fullness.

"Excellent glory! What can I say of it? How elevating, how sublime and refining the grace which comes through the *knowledge* of God! Thou agent of bliss! Thou guide to perfectness! Through thee, and by thee, we live to enjoy; and live, to live again.

"The Apostle says, 'Grace and peace be multiplied unto you, through the *knowledge* of God, and of Christ Jesus our Lord.' It is only by this *knowledge*, we love, admire, and adore. Again he says, 'According as his divine power hath given unto us all things that pertain unto life and godliness, through the *knowledge* of him that hath called us to glory and virtue; whereby are given unto us exceeding great and precious promises; that by these' we 'might be partakers of the divine nature.'

"This holy book, by which we obtain this knowledge of God, and these glorious promises, well deserves our study; it does indeed demand the untiring exertions of every heart; and the blessings

consequent upon these exertions, who can calculate?

"April 21. Who that has seen the glory of God in the face of Jesus Christ, can refrain from an *allusion* to his fullness, although but an allusion! As the brightness of the sun forbids the eye to gaze directly upon it, so does He, who is the brightness of his Father's glory, exclude the mind on earth, from a direct knowledge of his entire fullness; or even the mind in heaven—for even angels desire to look into what they can never comprehend; yet their praises are not withheld.

"As well may the king of day shine in all his meridian splendor, and not illume the material world; as well may the pure disembodied spirit enter into all the fullness of God, and not sing, 'Worthy is the Lamb that was slain;' as the soul, which, in this life, is permitted to look by faith into that which is to come, and see the glory which shall hereafter be revealed, feel no raptures of holy joy, no restlessness of spirit, to apprise this dark world of the light of that above. Yes, just as well may the fire burn, and produce no heat, as such a soul not endeavor to tell the world something of the excellency of the Being that surrounds them, upholds, and governs all things, even to the most minute. 'Bless the Lord, O my soul, and all that is within me, bless his holy name; and let the whole earth be filled with his praise.'

"April 23. A Godlike hand seems as if extended from the windows of the world above, exhibiting new tokens of the eternal and unchanging excel-

lence of Jehovah; producing joys, pure and sublime; their origin heaven, heaven their life, and heaven their final home.

"Blessed indeed is the soul whom thou choosest, and causest to approach unto thee! But will God condescend to dwell with men? Will he commune with them? Oh, suffer one utterly insignificant, to adore and worship thee; not because she is of consequence to thee, but because she is immortal, and must adore. Condescend thou to be the object, for thou only art worthy. Oh, that language could express the holy rapture which swells my bosom. 'Return unto thy rest, O my soul; for the Lord has dealt bountifully with thee.'"

From the ardor of Mrs. PORTER's temperament, we are not surprised to find that her religion, was ardent and impassioned; or that it was at times, at least in the view of some, tinged with enthusiasm. Yet this defect could not conceal the marks of its divine origin. Her deep self-abasement, her fears of being misled by vain imaginations, and her importunate prayers, that she might be enabled to discern the difference between the true and the false, in her own exercises, alike distinguish her from the hypocrite and the enthusiast. While with adoring admiration she was admitted to a holy familiarity with her Maker, she still possessed a deep consciousness of the infinite distance between the Creator and the creature.

Neither do we wonder that her religious feelings should be more variable than those possessed by persons of a different temperament. Her journal

sometimes exhibits her as on the mount; at others, sinking in deep waters. In the following entry, we see her struggling with unbelief.

"April 27. This evening, how changed the scene! Alas! what is finite power! finite mind! Save me, O God, for the waters are come in unto my soul. The smiles of the past, and the hopes of the future, that made the spirit glad that it was immortal, now seem based upon a puff of empty air, like something that mocks, to show the folly of hope. 'I sink in deep waters where there is no standing;' and am led to ask, Who is the Lord? Is he ommipresent? Is he infinite? Does his Spirit witness with those of earth? Is it possible for such an interchange of spirits to exist? Is there such a thing as faith? Is it an operative principle—the evidence of things not seen?

"Alas! this cruel skepticism. Oh, help mine unbelief. Save me, for thy mercies's sake. Break these bonds, for I am poor and needy, and my heart is wounded within me.

"How can I count those joys a delusion, which seemed so unearthly? when Heaven appeared as if coming to earth, to overshadow a poor worm, and prepare it to sit around the throne of God and the Lamb.

"April 29. O unbelief! that cruel spear! Has it gone from my hand to pierce my Savior's side? Was it the knowledge of this, which contributed to make him exceeding sorrowful even unto death? Oh for that sorrow which will never permit this heart to forget the sorrowing scene of Calvary, or to

desire a release from the participation of those sufferings, but only patience under them. Have I not said, 'let the furnace he heated, let me suffer, let me die for thee, if by this thy cause can be promoted?' Where now is that fixedness of purpose, that willingness to suffer the loss of all for the name of Christ?

'Oh, save a trembling sinner, Lord,
Whose hope, still hovering round thy word,
Would look for some kind promise there,
Some sure support against despair.'

"April 30. Oh for a readiness to endure, to be patient in tribulation, as well as to rejoice in hope. I mourn, not because of suffering, but because of that cruel skepticism, that disposition to turn away, and forever disbelieve the teachings of the Holy Spirit. Never did the assertion of the Apostle, (Romans 6: 4—6) strike me with so much force as now; and if, after all, I should fall away, how great the fall! If, after all the unspeakable bliss which I have enjoyed, I should fall away, how miserable would be my misery; how wretched my wretchedness! But thanks to God, who giveth us the victory through our Lord Jesus Christ.

"O my Father! can I not lean with entire submission upon thine arm? Can I not trust in the decisions of thine all-sufficient wisdom? and remember, that although clouds and darkness are round about thee, yet justice and judgment are the habitation of thy throne? Shall I not be strengthened so to do, by the recollection of Joseph's mean-

dering path, and the hand that directed, and protected through all its windings; as well in a pit, or in a prison, as a palace; and for purposes most benevolent, preserved him to be a temporal savior to many? Oh, let me learn from this, the must needs be, for waiting the maturity of all God's holy purposes, and following the path marked out by his hand, in all its intricate windings; and learn, in whatsoever state I am, therewith to be content.

"May 2. Oh that my iniquity may be forgiven, for my sin is ever before me. Tears of blood could not atone for the cruel sin of unbelief. Truly, I have reason to weep bitterly. Had I been cut down as a cumberer of the ground, it would have been just. My sufferings under temptations and doubts are of little consequence, compared with a sin so exceedingly sinful. But there a is recollection more blessed—that there is forgiveness with God, that he is plenteous in mercy, and will deliver his people from all sin, when the voice shall come, 'Go ye out to meet him.' Who will not adore such unchanging and eternal love? Who will not confide in such boundless benevolence?

"The sermon of last Sabbath comes back to recollection like a healthful breeze, to invigorate the spirit to more untiring obedience in the service of Christ."

CHAPTER VIII.

Personal History — Province of Woman.

It will be recollected that Miss Cushing was still engaged in the millinery business, which occasionally required a journey to Boston. This had now become to her very irksome. She writes,

"Business seems demanding a tour to B., a thought hitherto exceedingly oppressive. But duty seems to bid me go.

"I was prevented from attending the conference, but have received the intelligence of the relation of four Christian experiences; one of them my sister's. Surely God is mindful of his people.

"May 7. Very important sermon, this morning, by our pastor, from the words, 'Lord, save, or I perish.' Felt that it was applicable to myself. He spoke of the peculiarities of Peter's character, among which, was the unjustifiable forwardness manifested, when he threw himself into the sea, without a command from his Master. Described his weakness; it was a characteristic of my own. A painful description was given of the sin which I too well knew I had committed in the trials of the past. Could but begin anew to mourn for the sin of unbelief. Its exceeding sinfulness, who can de-

scribe? May God bless his servant for his faithfulness, and may he never shun to declare the whole counsel of God, whether pleasing or painful.

"May 8. How sweet to recline upon an almighty arm; to trust all in the hands of God. He does indeed order my way according to his own pleasure. How delightful to trace the hand of Providence, and by it learn the will and wisdom of God. Oh, that wheel within a wheel; how awfully and yet how delightfully and harmoniously it rolls, to obey its Author's will, to execute his purposed plans.

"May 10. How mercifully has my way been ordered; to-morrow morning, instead of going to B., to which my feelings were so entirely opposed, I go to A., where I hope my wants may be equally supplied. And now may perfect wisdom guide all my way. May I be preserved from all undue anxiety; and may I be enabled to prosecute business for the glory of God. May my heart and hand ever be devoted to his service. Oh, may my duty all be done for both worlds. And to him shall be all the praise.

"May 12. Church conference. How peaceful to visit the hallowed place, and behold the workmanship of God, in bringing nigh by his grace such a company of immortal spirits.

"May 13. A Sabbath long to be remembered. Sermons full of interest. Four followed their divine Lord in the ordinance of baptism. Truly, he is blessing his church, not only with the word of life, but with showers of grace.

"A few months since, our pastor was well nigh discouraged for the little success that appeared to attend his labors. A few months since, the church appeared to resemble a barren heath, rather than a fruitful garden. But thanks be to God for this delightful change. Labors are blessed; prayers offered and heard; and souls saved. Not unto us, not unto us, but unto thy name, O Lord, belongs the praise. Delightful has it been to me, to see such a company crowding these banks, to witness the cheerful obedience of so many willing converts to the commands of their Savior. Well may we say, 'What hath God wrought!'

"May 14. The business of shop-keeping presses heavily; may it not be to the neglect of my business with my Maker. May grace assist to do all for his glory. May some good be done to those whom thy hand has directed to my care; that they may better subserve the interests of thy kingdom while on earth. May they be blessed of thee, and finally be admitted to thy kingdom above."

It is not surprising that one whose time and talents were so consecrated to the service of her Redeemer, should find the assertion of the Apostle verified in her own case, that 'all who will live godly in Christ Jesus, shall suffer persecution.' Some unkind remarks, about this time, concerning herself and others, from those whom she esteemed to be the people of God, caused painful reflections; but she says, "Oh, shield the reviled, and help them that they may not revile again."

"May 15. The Lord prospers me in pecuniary matters. He knows, and supplies our wants. The employment of heart and hand in the service of Christ, does not prevent temporal prosperity. He seems indeed to show to the world his care for his people, and to fulfill the promise, that there is no one that has forsaken all for him, but shall receive manifold more in this present time, and in the world to come, life everlasting.

"Dear Savior! in all, I would acknowledge thee, for thou art my trust, my hope, and exceeding great reward. But oh, how poor are gifts, without a knowledge of the giver? How inferior the good things of this life, to the glories of Heaven.

"May 16. Am not worthy to bear burdens, and to suffer reproaches; not worthy to be numbered with the reviled. Oh, the kindness of that hand that shields from oppression; just as if it was between this head, and an insupportable burden that hangs suspended over it, just as if it was touched with tenderness, and moved to pity and protect. 'They shall fight against thee, but shall not prosper, saith the Lord.' How sweet the promise! Who would not rather choose to suffer affliction with the people of God; and esteem the reproaches of Christ greater riches than the treasures of earth. But may the wickedness of the wicked speedily terminate, and the peace of God reign in every heart.

"May 19. Saturday evening. How peaceful to contemplate the close of another week. For temporal interests it has been the most favored of all the past; and notwithstanding this hand has not

been entirely devoted to the world, yet my heavenly Father has prospered me. Oh, that his kindness may excite to more devotion; to a greater sacrifice for Christ; to give back to him, as providences may direct."

At this time, Miss Cushing had her mind directed to the subject of women's speaking in social meetings. That she possessed in an eminent degree, gifts calculated to render her useful in such meetings, those who have heard her improve them, can have but little doubt. And perhaps few, could they have known her views on that subject, would have dared to say this was not her duty. Although she had a strong desire for the approbation of the wise and good; and was painfully sensible that many, not only of the learned, but of the pious, deemed it improper for women to speak in any meeting where men were present, except church conference; and by some, even in this it was condemned; yet so firm was her belief that her Maker required this of her, that she could not neglect it without incurring severe trials. But such was her sense of propriety, and her just regard for time and place, that perhaps the most fastidious have seldom thought she overstepped that decorum and modesty, so lovely in the female character.

But probably there are few females, whose minds have been exercised in a manner similar to hers. Indeed we have thought that some of her trials were peculiar to herself. Perhaps it would require a reach of sympathy beyond what most persons possess,

to enter deeply into her experience; and it is believed she told to but few, the deep joys and sorrows which alternately blessed and distressed her; few hearts could send back a response, that would be in unison.

These remarks are made for the purpose of introducing some extracts from more than fifty pages of her journal, without date, but probably written at this time, relative to the foregoing subject. She says:

"We know that our worship cannot add to the fullness of the Deity. That he is a perfect whole, independent of the services of any of his creatures. But he has, in infinite wisdom and mercy, demanded them, and the supreme affections of the heart. He has also been pleased to enlist the praises of females in his service. But when and where are they to show forth his praise? Are any required to do it in the assembly of the saints? Many of the valuable and useful in the church unite in a sentiment, which, they say, concurs with the one advanced by the Apostle, that women should keep silence in the churches, and that they are not permitted to speak, even to show forth the praises of Him who has called them from darkness to light, and from the slavery of this world, to the service of their Redeemer.

"This opinion of the wise and good, joined with woman's delicacy, and sense of inferiority, all combine to crush the best feelings of her soul; those by which she approaches nearest her God, her rest, and her final home. This she feels, and this she must bear, because she is woman.

"But she stops not here. She goes to her God, whose ear hears her cry, and begs for instruction; for wisdom entirely unlike that of this world. She fears most deeply lest she fall under his reproof, or digress from his commands. She pleads with unutterable petitions, that in this she may know and do his will, regardless of reproaches from within or without, and that she may never, in the ardor of her love, be actuated by a zeal not according to knowledge.

"But let us turn to the word of God; not to a single passage, but to the whole volume; and there learn the rank which females occupied, in the Christian, as well as in the Jewish church. The Apostle says, speaking of those who had put on Christ, 'There is neither male nor female; for ye are all one in Christ Jesus.' Not *one* in the stations of this life; in command, or in authority; but one in Christ. One in the merits of his death, in the participation of his grace, and in the perpetuity of his love; sharing alike in the kindness of his care, and alike blessed around the throne of God and the Lamb.

"But there is an inequality described by the same holy Apostle. She is to be in 'subjection,' and 'under obedience, as also saith the law.' In this sense, she is to keep silence in the churches; not presuming to teach, or usurp authority; and to this sentiment every well disciplined heart would respond, and mourn the sad want of this religious discipline, and high moral culture, so adorning to the female character.

"As she *should be*, subject to Heaven's holy law,

would not woman be Heaven's best gift to earth? Let us recognize her in such a character, in her relation to the world; the weaker vessel, and under obedience. Let us recognize her in her glory and her strength, bearing onward the purposes and blessings of her God, and making better and happier this dark and revolted world.

"Let us remember her as a prophetess, the sister of Aaron, with a timbrel in her hand, and followed by a happy train of kindred spirits, responding to the song of Moses, 'Sing ye to the Lord, for he has triumphed gloriously.' Let us remember her in her influence in the character of Abigail, when David addressed her and said, 'Blessed be the Lord God of Israel, which sent thee this day to meet me; and blessed be thy advice, and blessed be thou, which has kept me this day from coming to shed blood.'

"Let us recognize her in her courage, in the character of Esther, who dared venture her life to save her people from destruction. We find woman in the character of Elizabeth, the joyful mother of the harbinger of our Lord. We find her in the character of Mary, highly blessed among women; favored beyond all others in being the mother of the Savior of the world. We see her also in Anna, a prophetess of fourscore years, giving thanks at his birth, and speaking of him to all those who looked for redemption in Israel. We see her in Mary the sister of Lazarus, in the ardor of her love, breaking the box filled with precious ointment, and pouring it on the head of her Lord; and though some were

indignant, yet receiving his approbation. We see her weeping at her Savior's cross.

"We see her recognized by the Evangelist, as coming to the sepulchre very early, while it was yet dark; and when she found not her Lord, instead of going to her own home, as did Peter and John, standing without, weeping. We see her honored with the first appearance of her risen Redeemer, and receiving from him the message, 'Go to my brethren, and say unto them, I ascend unto my Father and your Father, and to my God and your God.' Did she hesitate to obey? No.

'Her swift obedience proved,
How much she owed, how much she loved.
Not she, with treacherous kiss her Savior stung;
Not she denied him with unholy tongue.
She, when Apostles shrunk, could dangers brave,
Last at his cross, and earliest at his grave.'

"We see her in the character of Priscilla, uniting with her husband in teaching the eloquent Apollos, a man mighty in the scriptures, and expounding to him the word of God more perfectly. And did she violate that decisive command, 'I suffer not a woman to teach?'

"We see woman in her name comprising the whole church of Christ on earth, and married unto the Lord her Maker, her husband, the Holy One of Israel. Though so elevated in her name, her hopes, and her prospects, she is oft cast down, and discomforted. Oft she says, 'The Lord hath forsaken me.' But ere long her sufferings will cease. The reproaches of her enemies within, and the heartless

criticisms of the world without, will no more disturb her peaceful repose. For the marriage of the Lamb will come, and the bride be ready. 'And blessed are they who are called unto the marriage supper of the Lamb;' 'He will feed them, and lead them unto living fountains of water, and God shall wipe away all tears from their eyes.'

'A hope so much divine,
May trials well endure.'

"The inspired volume says, 'Let the congregation of the saints praise Him.' 'Let everything that hath breath praise the Lord.' And shall woman be silent? It was not she who denied him, neither will she now forsake him.

"But where shall she own him? In the sacred desk? It is not her Savior who thus directs her. Does he point her to the church, there to be first in giving her counsels, to assume the place of her superiors in its discipline? Does he teach her to usurp authority even in matters of religion? or ever to present herself as one of strength, or one whose voice, in itself considered, is of consequence to be heard? Certainly not. At home, and abroad, in the church, and elsewhere, it is for her glory, honor, and highest happiness, to submit, as it is fit in the Lord. Not as it is fit in the estimation of a reproachful world, but as it is fit in the Lord.

"Should she, in the ardor of her feelings, presume to run where she is not sent, and there proclaim the glory of her risen Redeemer, when that glory would be better proclaimed by her silence? Should she speak of the priceless gems in her experience, which

she ought only to ponder in her own breast, then would she mournfully tell, that instead of being subject to the law of her Maker, she was but subject to the promptings of her own officious and obtrusive heart.

"But is she always to be silent upon a subject on which rest all her hopes of future blessedness? When she remembers the hour in which her soul was pierced with a sense of the exceeding sinfulness of sin; when, in consequence of this, she supposed herself lost to all, but the wretchedness of the wretched, the guilt of the condemned; when she felt that both heaven and earth conspired to pronounce her sentence; with none to save her deathless spirit, but the Being whom she had treated with the most daring neglect; the Being whose indignation she had merited, whose mercy she had forfeited; when at this awful hour, the hand of her Redeemer was stretched forth to save, and raise her from misery so deep, to the blessedness of the blessed; when she remembers all this, will she violate the Apostle's command, if she speak of that wonderful interposition that brought salvation to her; if she, like Mary, run to bring the disciples word; to tell them how great things Jesus had done for her?

"Would she do the thing he would count insufferable, if, in the prayer or conference meeting, she make mention of the righteousness of Christ, and its perfect adaptedness to her, as a lost sinner? Would this be a violation, either of the Apostle's command, or of the strictest rules of propriety?

"If to perfect that 'new song,' 'Worthy is the Lamb that was slain;' the voice of the infant, born

but to-day, must join with Abraham, Isaac, and Jacob, yea, with angels, cherubim and seraphim; if in a multitude which no man can number, the weaker voices are heard echoing the praises due to redemption, amid strains so eloquent, so lofty, and in the presence of a Majesty so holy and so high, is it unsuitable that their feeble echo should be heard in the presence of beings so inferior, and so low?

"If a measure of that praise which swells the disembodied spirit above, is meted out to the embodied spirit below, must these emotions be suppressed, and the tongue be forbidden to utter the holy aspirations thus awakened, because it is woman's? Must the praises of a spirit destined to immortality, be thus paralyzed? Must minds so capacious, so Godlike, be enslaved by the fancied wisdom of this world? God forbid! For how shall we who are under obligations so great, live, but in humble acknowledgement of his benevolence? live, but to be dead to the world, and alive to God? Oh, those words, so vast, so full, '*alive unto God!*'

"May woman learn the adorning she needs, to be prepared to show forth his praise; for those who worship him must worship him in spirit and in truth. Oh, may she learn that it is not by the expression of undisciplined feelings, or unqualified thought, that she can reflect his perfections, but by the exhibition of that spirit, and those graces, which must come to her, not through the wisdom of this world, but through the knowledge of God, and Christ Jesus our Lord. And may there be 'honorable women not a few,' thus prepared to show forth

his praise. And may all remember the words of our blessed Savior when he said, 'Behold my mother, and my brethren! For whosoever shall do the will of my Father which is in heaven, the same is my brother, and sister, and mother.'"

We think the discerning reader will perceive that Miss C.'s remarks in the foregoing extracts, are so qualified, that no female can justly take encouragement from them, to transgress the rules of decorum, or occupy that time in social meetings, that might more advantageously be used by the other sex.

CHAPTER IX.

Suffers Reproaches—Allusion to the Rev. Mr. Houghton—Mysterious Sufferings—The World a Clog—Elevating Contemplations—Mourns her Indifference—Phenomena in her Character.

Some unkind remarks, concerning herself, and those who were dear to her, are referred to in the following entry.

"May 25. May grace sustain under all that burdens; especially under reproaches; but above all, may it preserve me from all unholiness of thought, or deed. And if reproaches come, may it be for righteousness' sake. Would learn by this, to sympathize with those loved ones who are so cruelly censured. Oh, may we all suffer as Christians; to suffer as such, how sweet the thought. Oh, for Christian independence, integrity, and uprightness! that we may not be 'afraid of man that shall die,' or forget the 'Lord our Maker.'

"May 26. May God regard the just, and bless them, and the sins of his followers forgive. May our transgressions not hinder his mighty works; and may the truth dispensed, be blessed for his own name's sake.

"Saturday eve. Another week gone! Happy thought! One week nearer that appointed day, when promises exceeding great shall be fulfilled. How heavenly as they approach.

"June 3. Another delightful Sabbath. Two sermons by our pastor; in the morning, from the words, 'I shall go to him, but he shall not return to me.' This sermon was occasioned by the death of the Rev. Josiah Houghton, a devoted minister of the gospel. Many circumstances concurred to render this death impressive to Mr. Drinkwater. They were nearly of the same age; professed religion the same year; entered the ministry about the same time; and though both had made several removals, yet generally lived within exchanging distance, and held a familiar intercourse with each other, both in prosperity and in adversity. The subject was an incentive to hasten my steps from the sanctuary to my closet, there to fall prostrate at the feet of my blessed Savior, and beg for more ability to serve him. Not that my poor services were of consequence to him; but because of his worthiness to receive obedience from all in heaven, and all on earth.

"In the afternoon, discourse from the passage, 'Be not deceived, evil communications corrupt good manners.' Portrayed the evils resulting from such communications; spoke of the blessedness of those who endured reproach for righteousness' sake; and how soon their sufferings would cease. Was led to reflect on the past with profit. Could only beg that there might be no new mark for the arrow. Ah! I would rather be myself the mark, than the arrow. I would rather be myself the mark, than that others, so dear, should suffer. Would rejoice to be counted worthy to bear the cross; to endure, as well as to enjoy.

"June 7. Oh, this mysterious suffering! Can the heart endure? Why such a process, which none but God can know, and which it would be unlawful to utter? Who can understand the way of the Lord? Why is this soul wrecked, and made to stagger like a drunken man? driven as if by fire, tempest tossed, and yet drawn to God, as with cords of threefold strength? What is it to accomplish? what is it to bear? What is maturing in the future, that the heart must be thus disciplined? Shall I not know hereafter, what I know not now? Thanks be to God, for a measure of that patience which waits the process; for that faith, which, when temptation would drive to infidelity and desperation, still confides in God, and leans on his almighty arm.

"June 8. This world is a clog. Although nought occurs to obstruct prosperity, yet how much better, even to suffer for Christ, than to be obliged to care for the things that so charm the eye of this vain world. How sweet the entire release from things of earth, if Christ should call; not that I would depart, but I would labor entirely for the blessed Savior. When will this glorious jubilee dawn? a release from taking thought for this world, and an entire consecration to another, a brighter, and a better.

"June 16. The cares relating to such a life as mine, how exceedingly oppressive! But, O my Savior, thy ways are not my ways, and I would beg that thou wouldst enable me in patience to possess my soul.

"Sabbath eve. How elevating to contemplate

the object of this holy day, with the blessings it bears to the world; to contemplate the inspired volume, with the human mind, and this beautiful landscape of nature, this monument of creative wisdom and power. We see in this beautiful world, in its revolutions, in the smallest insect, and leaf, as well as in the unrivaled splendor of the noonday sun, the wisdom of that Being who created and pronounced them good.

"But alas! how mournful to contemplate the scene that so soon succeeded this annunciation. To contemplate it in all its bearings, and hear the imperative interrogation, 'Adam, where art thou?' Alas, hear it echoing even until now; 'Adam, where art thou?' How painful to reflect on the apostacy of man; though he was planted a noble vine, wholly a right seed, he so soon became the degenerate plant of a strange vine. But thanks be to God for the gift of his Son to a lost world. Amazing love! Infinite benevolence! which devised so glorious a plan! Blissful announcement, 'If any man sin, we have an advocate with the Father.' Now we may sing redemption; a note which angels can never strike, but in joy for man. Yes, we may sing, 'Worthy is the Lamb that was slain for us.'

"June 21. When I go out, Heavenly Parent, thou art with me; when I come in, thou art the same. In business, thou art my helper and preserver; in journeys thou art my strength, my shield, and my instructor; while I view the beautiful scenery of the inanimate world, all speaking forth thy boundless benevolence, in providing for the enjoyment of thy creatures. Was ever kindness, was

ever love, like thine? And what returns have I made? Alas! none, when compared with that which is thy due. Oh, my ingratitude! my alienation of affection! Make me willing to suffer the loss of all things for Christ."

Although the religion of Miss C. consisted in principle as well as feeling, yet her deep sense of the infinite importance of the truths and hopes of the gospel, rendered her unsatisfied with a dull insensibility, or even a calm equanimity, where there is so much to awaken the deep feelings of the soul. In the following entry, we find her lamenting her destitution of those lively emotions, which she generally enjoyed.

"July 17. Oh, this dreadful indifference! This indifference to indifference! How burdensome the yoke of sin! How many precious moments have passed away unimproved by this sluggish heart.

'My drowsy powers, why sleep ye so?
Awake, my sluggish soul!
Nothing has half thy work to do;
Yet nothing's half so dull.' "

It has already been seen that she was subject to great extremes in her religious feelings; at one time, favored with joys far above most Christians; at another, beset with trials and temptations, which rendered life a burden almost too heavy for her to bear. She says, with regard to her exercises about this time, "What means this strange phenomenon of mind?" and there were in her character, subsequently to this period, phenomena, for which it would be difficult fully to account. Yet some of the causes of her sufferings are evident. Her ardent

temperament, joined with extreme sensibility, and a mind so active as scarcely to permit her to rest, when the ardor of her soul was tearing in pieces its frail tenement, caused some of her friends to fear that her health, or life, would be the sacrifice; and it is probable that from this constant effort, this overtaxing of the mind, her nervous system received a shock previous to her leaving Bloomfield, from which she never after fully recovered. There was, therefore, in her case, physical cause for suffering; for who can enumerate the miseries consequent upon extreme nervous irritability?

> "'Tis not as heads that never ache suppose,
> Forgery of fancy, and a dream of woes;
> Man is a harp, whose chords elude the sight,
> Each yielding harmony, disposed aright;
> The screws reversed, (a task which if he please
> God in a moment executes with ease,)
> Ten thousand thousand strings at once go loose,
> Lost, till he tune them, all their power and use."

But amid all her sufferings, we see her manifesting the spirit of the gospel; and though conscious of her misery, surveying it with unrepining submission, and saying with her divine Lord, 'If this cup may not pass from me except I drink it, thy will be done.'

Although our hearts have been occasionally pained by witnessing her extreme mental distress; yet it doubtless had a tendency to soften her character, and to increase in her soul the exercise of that benevolence, which leads us to weep with them that weep, and also to rejoice in every accession to the general happiness which is enjoyed in this vale of tears.

CHAPTER X.

Inquiry—Longing for more effective Preachers—Alternate Joy and Sorrow—Impressions with regard to leaving Bloomfield—Knowledge essential to Enjoyment—Her Sorrows unknown to the world—Fiery Trials—Importance of a greater Missionary Spirit in our Churches—Thirsting after God.

"JULY 23. Oh, when shall I know the cause of these deep, these fiery trials? Can those affections be false, which bind to the altar of God as with a threefold cord; press the soul even to heaven's door, inspire with entreaty, open heaven's door, move heaven's God, and secure heaven's promises? Can those emotions be evil which seem to secure the richest gems heaven affords, the sweet influences of the Holy Spirit; those smiles of heaven, so unspeakable and full of glory? And can that Spirit be false which strengthens, and fortifies the soul to take hold of God, to receive God, to be filled with God? Can that be a wrong spirit, which is ever desirous of the scrutiny of the Judge of the heart, the Trier of the reins? And can that be a sorrow working death, which seems to enlist the tenderest sympathies of God? 'Search me, O God, and know my heart, try me, and know my thoughts, and see if there be any wicked way in me, and lead me in the way everlasting.'

"Oh, this thorn of suspense! how long shall I

bear its sharpened point? Is it destined to pierce me through with many sorrows? Why this longing of soul for thy coming; this fainting of spirit for thy favor? Must it be thus, till the thread of life is severed, and I rise beyond prayer to a state of praise? Oh, this reaching after God! who can define its meaning? These providences, how dark, how repelling and counteracting to the strongest desires of my heart! Cords of strength seem as if let down from the world above, to draw this heart away from earth to heaven, for the obtaining of blessings which at the same time Heaven seems combined to withhold. Oh, this pressure of soul! Wearisome days and nights are appointed me. O Lord, my heart is sore pained within me, and why art thou so far from helping me? Plead thou my cause, and forsake me not utterly, but for thy name's sake save me. This spirit longs to reach the object of its grasp; longs to go out into a more perfect knowledge of God; to break away from those contracted limits in which it is so fettered and clogged. O my Father! thy will be done. In all this labor, there is rest; in all this suffering there is ease. Yes, thy yoke is easy, and thy burden light. Oh that I may live more holily, and possess more of thy Spirit.

"July 25. The secret hand of Providence, what is it aiming to accomplish? These deep and repeated strokes, what are they to effect? Thou, O Lord, and thou only, knowest the pains they inflict. Is this the thorn, the continual piercing of

which I must through life endure? Is this the process to prepare me for thy pleasure? the suffering that will best perfect me? Must it be constant in its coming, until the hand of death shall release from its power?

"O my Father, if it be possible, let this cup pass from me, or sustain me under it; for death I cannot yet welcome; its call I cannot yet answer; the work thou hast given me is not yet done; sufferings and toils are not yet over. Withdraw not thy loving kindness from me; leave me not to suffer alone. Save from a pit where hope would prove but presumption and folly. O Lord, wilt thou not save a soul that trusts in thee?

"July 29. The services of the sanctuary conducted by a stranger. How expressive the words of the Apostle, 'For the letter killeth, but the Spirit giveth life.' How barren is that production, however well arranged, however much it may tell of a well-trained intellect, if it tell not of Christ, of the Spirit giving life; and how useless will it prove, unless it come in 'demonstration of the Spirit, and of power.'

"Oh that more holy eloquence characterized the laborers of these later days; that these servants of Christ, who stand teaching the multitude, as God's mouth to the people, were more after the image of their Lord; possessed more of his knowledge, of his wisdom, and holiness; and were less desirous of the applause of this fallen world. Thou hast called them to follow thee; but how often do they follow the wisdom of this world, the suggestions of an undisciplined heart. Forgive, heavenly Parent,

and 'spare them, as a man spareth his own son that serveth him.' And oh, spare thine own flock from the judgments they so justly merit.

"Aug. 4. Dear Savior, my spirit thirsts for thee; for thy service, and thine only; I ask not for that which may be executed with the most ease, but for that which may best accord with thy will, however tiring in its nature. Grant moral, mental and physical health, to do all thy pleasure. Oh, send a cordial from above, ere my soul fainteth. Strengthen a heart full of prayer, lest it be too frail to be.

"Aug. 5. May this day be devoted, not to desiring heaven's gift, but heaven's scrutiny; not heaven's happiness, merely, but heaven's holiness. Would mourn my unbelief, and beg that instead of doubting, I may humbly wait thy will. Oh, suffer me to lean on thee, lest I be like unto them that go down to the pit.

"Aug. 15. Oh these wearisome days and nights; this light to-day, and darkness to-morrow. Now all is presumption, but yesterday all was promise. While one says, 'If you would reign with me, you must suffer with me;' another comes, as if urged on by the prince of darkness, and says, 'Better never reign with him, than endure such sufferings; better never win heaven, than at so dear a rate.' Oh, whither shall I flee! Are all my hopes of blessedness turned to the curse of wretchedness? Was it God who has blessed, and is it now God who has cursed? But to whom, O thou Most High! shall I go, but unto thee? thou only art almighty to save. And here let me remember those holy men,

spoken of in thy word, who long since bade adieu to the sorrows of earth. How great their sufferings, and yet how great their joys. Their hope, their strength, were in thee; and their expectation from thee. Thus may it be with me, and may I be still, and know that thou art God.

"Aug. 19. Sustain this heart, and let it not faint for the longing it hath unto thy favor. Why such going out of soul to thee, and why such repelling providences to tell against me. How long, O Lord, how long shall I cry day and night unto thee, and not be heard? As the hart panteth for the cooling stream, so does this worm for thee.

"Aug. 20. How precious are thy thoughts unto me! and this morn, how sweet to lean on thee. Thou wilt do all things well, for thou art executing all things after thine holy will.

"Aug. 23. How sweet thine entertainments are! Oh, that heavenly peace which faith and prayer convey to the soul! that faith that 'brings the distant prospect nigh.'

"Aug. 24. The last night, how memorable! How full of promise, and how full of prayer! Objects how dear when bestowed by Thy hand! Blessings how full, when made so by Thee! Blessed indeed is earth, when earth is blessed by Thee.

"Aug. 26. The sanctuary, how full of holy breath! The truth, how full of truth! A sermon from the words, 'How awful is this place,' seemed coming from the heart of one who knew not only the awfulness, but the sweetness of the place, made so by his Maker's presence."

At this time, her mind was impressed with the idea that she should ere long leave Bloomfield, to her, using her own language, "the dearest spot of earth;" and those loved ones, which in that place composed the circle of her friends; the church also, to which she was so tenderly attached, and in whose welfare she had taken so deep an interest. She mentioned these views to a friend, observing that she felt that Bloomfield was not long to be her home. Whatever might have been the source of this conviction, it doubtless had a tendency to prepare her for the separation; for she remarked to the same friend, near the time of her leaving for Camden, that she had suffered the bitterness of parting two years before.

The above remarks may throw some light upon what follows in her diary under date of Aug. 27.

"A little while, and a new era is mine. A little while, and these calls and cares, these rooms, and these friends will command me no more. To follow my Savior, I must leave them. This dearest spot of earth, this dearest fireside, these so oft unearthly apartments, no more to be mine! And friends so dear; these all must be counted nought for Christ! Oh, may the undying remembrance in which they will ever be held, never prevent that submission implied in those holy words, 'Thy will be done.' Yes, I am now ready to be offered; thou hast indeed fulfilled thine own word; 'My people shall be willing in the day of my power.' It is the work of thy power. But, alas! that flock of thine, ever so dear, how can I leave?

This tenderest of ties, how can it be broken? Those little lambs, for whose spiritual birth my soul has been anguished, how can I leave them? O thou Shepherd of the sheep, keep this fold of thine. Provide for them after thine own heart, that they may be fed with knowledge and understanding; and spare them from privations and sorrow. Must other hearts be also anguished? other ties broken? O Savior! fit us for all thy pleasure. Thou hast purposed, and who can annul? It is thine to command, and ours to obey. Make strong our hearts, and our hands, that we may keep all thy commands, and wait all thine appointments.

"Aug. 29. Alas! the chains that bind this immortal spirit. How long shall it be thus bowed down, like some living thing shut out from its element? Dear Savior, grant me thy presence; earth is too poor to please, too empty to fill this soul which longs for thee. O my Father, feed me with knowledge and understanding, for how can I live possessing so little of that which is so necessary to the Christian's perfectness, and which constitutes so much of his final blessedness. For without knowledge, what would heaven be? It might be heaven still, but who would know it to be such? The great luminary of day would be no luminary to us, had we no eyes to behold its beauties; no more would heaven be heaven to us, without a knowledge of its excellence. God himself would be no God to us, without some knowledge of his glorious perfections; his Son no Savior, without a knowledge of him as Mediator; and the human mind thus ignorant of

its God and itself, darkened and degraded, would indeed be 'alienated from the life of God.'

"Aug. 30. How memorable the last night! when to lie down was to resign this body and immortal spirit into the arms of Christ, ever to be at his disposal. Heavenly retrospection!

"Aug. 31. How peaceful to look away from things of earth to God; and confide in his infinite wisdom and goodness! But this heart! how oppressed! Surely I am but dust, and can but groan in spirit. Although all is peace without; nought that afflicts approaches my borders; the world gaze and see no cause of sadness; yet the world hath not known thee, O my Savior! nor thy sorrows, neither doth it know mine; but thou hast known them; and with all that are burdened, thou canst sympathize. The labor of soul thou knowest; for all night thou didst continue in prayer. Thou didst suffer, and alas! thou didst die. In this, the world hath not known thee, neither have thy followers but faintly. How large a portion pass on, and know but little of thy mission, only as they read, and are told. Oh, may I know thee, by laboring with thee in spirit. May all my sufferings be like unto thine. Preserve me from the toil of this world; that all I am may be worn out for thee.

"Sept. 4. Returned from the annual association, where truth was exhibited in strains of holy entreaty, and full of instruction. But nowhere was it so precious and full, as in the closet, in the lonely retreat; where instruction seemed coming from the

lips of the blessed Savior; he will show me of his doctrine, as his servants never can.

"Sept. 7. Oh, these fiery trials! Why from such sweet submission to Heaven's ways, to this anguish of spirit? Why such swords to pierce my heart? Why to-day as if overshadowed with a cloud of glory and of hope; as if all heaven conspired to repeat amen to the promises and prospects of the future; and to-morrow, as if cast out from hope, helpless, hopeless, sinking, and dying, with not one ray of light to cheer my pathway? A fiery furnace indeed, seeming to consume all but that which is immortal; and as if qualifying that more and more for painful suffering. 'He hath made my chain heavy.' My prayer is shut out. All is dark without, and dreadful within! Alas! this bruised reed, will it not be broken? Oh, may it not be a sorrow that worketh death."

To the sentiment that we have no right to say to God, 'Why doest thou so?' doubtless every Christian in his calm moments would respond; and though the questions in the following extract, wrung from the writer by the agony of feeling, may appear like arraigning her Maker, yet we see her ere she closes, acknowledging the rectitude of the Divine government.

"Why will He not wean me from all on earth? Can I not leave all to follow him, notwithstanding these tenderest sensibilities? While the Savior has seemed to whisper with regard to the things *dearest*, 'Lovest thou me more than these?' could not this

heart, in spirit and truth, answer, 'Thou knowest that I love thee more than these?' Why then this anguish of soul, as if the heart was loving an object unduly? If so, why will he not take my affections from things of earth? But 'just and right is he.'

"Sept. 8. Conference. The church seems remembering her obligations to God, while benevolence appears prominent; the happy consequence of the outpouring of the Spirit. How delightful to see his people 'honoring him with their substance, and with the first fruits of their increase.' It is the Lord that worketh in them, both to will and to do.

"Sept. 9. The holy Sabbath again returned; an interesting address from the Treasurer of the Baptist Board of Foreign Missions. It breathed the spirit of his Master; and thanks be to God for the spirit manifested in the church. The collection to-day, for the spread of the gospel among the heathen, amounted to fifty dollars, beside what had been previously contributed.

"Sabbath eve. Truly God is gracious to a weary, worn heart; he does unexpectedly repeat expressions of his tenderness. Oh how unworthy of his mercies! May I henceforth be grateful for the smallest favor from his hand. For the want of this disposition, how much suffering is endured; because the table is not spread with all the luxuries the heart desires, the little pittance is overlooked. Oh, this base ingratitude! kindly forgive, and may I lie at thy feet, mourn my sinfulness, and patiently endure suffering, as unerring wisdom may dictate.

"Sept. 10. If it can please thee, spare me from these sufferings, so heavy, so painful to my soul. What philosophy can explain the mystery of these changes? this hour, in the full assurance of hope, rejoicing in the promises; the next, the promise, and promiser, appearing as though they were not, and the past as a shadow that deceived. But is not this the suffering most needful for me? Oh, may I confide in Him who sits as a purifier; he will apply the fire as it is needed to perfect a depraved heart. God is the same yesterday, to-day, and forever, and can aid at all times, and in all places. Oh for that love which overcomes the world, and raises above pain. But I find that I cannot be patient without him. Alas! what Christian grace can I exercise, without his aid?

"Sept. 14. How full of anguish have been the last few days! a scene of darkness and doubt. But praise is due to Him who is kind even to the unkind, for his Holy Spirit, giving patience to endure.

"Oct. 2. Yesterday, missionary concert. Though few were present, the Savior fulfilled his gracious promise, and was in our 'midst;' showing us that his kingdom was an everlasting kingdom, that would break in pieces all others; and that the knowledge of God would eventually cover the earth, as the waters cover the mighty deep. How pleasing there to contemplate the dark corners of the earth, as soon to be lighted with the glorious gospel of the blessed God! How delightful to reflect that his promises would all be fulfilled; that not even one jot, or tittle of his word would fail of accomplishment. Oh how inferior to the word of God did the

words of all others appear; all other ties, to that which binds to Christ.

"The sanctuary was indeed to us the temple of the Most High, and to meet in his name, not only peaceful, but blissful."

It is evident from the above extract, that Miss C. was not only friendly to missions, but that she was deeply interested in them. Would it were thus with every Christian; that they not only made it a point of duty, but esteemed it a privilege, to attend the concert of prayer for Foreign Missions. Were this the case, might we not hope that the sanctuary would more frequently be made to them the house of God and the gate of heaven? And is it not for the want of that philanthropy, which the genius of the gospel inculcates, that these meetings are so thinly attended, and in many places wholly neglected, even where there are churches composed of the professed followers of Him who has left the command, "Go ye out into all the world, and preach the gospel to every creature?" While we are commanded to "honor the Lord with our substance, and the first fruits of all our increase," and to let our light shine before the world; can we wonder at the low state of religion in our churches, when they contain so many, who either from a spirit of covetousness, or false humility, think they can do nothing, either by their substance, or influence, to promote the cause of the Redeemer?

Must there not be a more ardent desire to do good, and a greater spirit of self-denial manifested by those who bear the name of Him, who when on

earth, had "not where to lay his head," before the dark places of the earth, now "full of the habitations of cruelty," can be illuminated by his gospel?

To all those who plead that they are too poor, or too insignificant to do any good, except in the contracted sphere of themselves and families, after reminding them of the widow's mite, we would say in the words of the poet,

"Beware, lest thou, through sloth, which would appear
But lowliness of mind, with joy proclaim
Thy want of worth: a charge thou wouldst not bear
From other lips, but with the blush of shame,
Or pride indignant: then, be thine the blame,
And make thyself of worth; and thus enlist
The smiles of all the good, the dear to fame.
'Tis infamy, to die, and not be missed,
And have all soon forget that thou didst e'er exist.
Rouse then to deeds of high and holy worth;
And thou an angel's happiness shall know;
Shall bless the world. The good begun by thee, shall onward flow,
In many a branching stream, and wider grow.
The seed, that in these few and fleeting years,
Thy hands unsparing and unwearied sow,
Shall deck thy grave with amaranthine flowers,
And yield thee fruit divine, in heaven's immortal bowers."

Miss C. was not only a spiritual, but an active Christian. Nor could she be satisfied with a situation, however eligible, or lucrative, unless confident it was one in which she could do the greatest amount of good to that cause which was ever near her heart. Hence, though prospering in business, we frequently find her pleading with her heavenly Father, to release her from those cares which necessarily attended the business in which she was engaged; that she might be able to devote herself

more exclusively to his service. Under date of Oct. 4, she says:

"O my Father, release this heart from the merchandize of this world. How long shall I stand at this counter to study the expenses, the profits, the fancies of this fleeting world? How long must this immortal mind be laboring for the things that perish? To be dilligent in the business of this world, is just and honorable, But, O my Savior, one thing have I desired of thee, that will I seek after; that I may be released from these distracting cares, and more entirely devoted to thy service.

"Oct. 11. I stretch forth my hands unto thee, O God, and my soul thirsts for thee, as in a dry and thirsty land. I ask not for the vain pleasures, or honors of this life, but for that honor that comes from thee.

"I long to be perfect, as my Father in heaven is perfect; that I may thus show forth his praise. Would sit at thy feet like a little child, and learn of thee. Have I ever been sufficiently humbled to receive instruction from thee? Alas! how little have I learned! Fifteen years in the school of Christ, and yet, how scanty my knowledge. Shall I be 'ever learning, and never able to come to the knowledge of the truth? O my Father, without knowledge in greater measures, my spirit faints, and sickens. It lives but to mourn, without a participation of thy fullness. Thou hast said, 'If any man lack wisdom, let him ask of me;' would ask of *thee only;* for all wisdom, and all knowledge, compared with thine, is folly.

CHAPTER XI.

Adaptation of the Gospel to the Wants of Man — Painful Anticipations — Striking Death — Perplexity with regard to the Path of Duty.

"OCTOBER 15. How various are the properties of the human mind; all bestowed by God, for distinct and noble purposes; for pleasures high, holy, and heavenly. But alas, how fallen! all its powers and dispositions perverted. That law which should direct and govern, disregarded and broken—mercies idolized, and God 'not in all the thoughts.'

"But oh, the kindness of our heavenly Father, in the provisions of the gospel; every way suited to the wants and woes of the fallen but deathless spirit. See it, with the accompanying influences of Divine grace; enlightening the understanding, restoring the alienated affections, regulating the desires, tempering the will, until every thought is brought into subjection to the obedience of Christ, and the redeemed spirit made meet for his kingdom in the heavens. Wonderful restorative!"

The reader will see by the following extract, that Miss C. remembered her religious teachers. Were this the case with every Christian; did *fervent* prayer more uniformly precede their attendance on

public worship, would they so often listen to the truth with so little interest, and so frequently go from the house of God, unedified and unblessed?

"October 20. May our pastor this day be blessed of thee, while alone in his study, laboring for God, and preparing to tell his flock of the strait and narrow way. Let thine eye rest upon him; open to him the scriptures; be with him, and bless him; and overshadow him with thy love, thy light, and thy truth.

"October 21. Sabbath morning. May I this day wait upon thee in thine house, learn thy truth, and be sustained and strengthened.

"Sabbath evening. Thou hast heard prayer. Truly thou art a prayer-answering as well as a prayer-giving and prayer-hearing God. How full of instruction has been the word to-day dispensed.

"The subject this morning was faith in God. This afternoon, a deeply interesting discourse, from the words, 'Lord, if thou wilt, thou canst make me clean.' The resemblance between the person diseased with leprosy, and those under the power of sin, was so clearly described, that it seemed as if the sinner must see his own character, and feel that he was diseased, and dying. Hence the fitness of the fervent petition that followed the sermon: 'Let not the sinner be like the man, who beholding his natural face in the glass, goeth away and forgetteth what manner of person he is.' O thou Hearer of prayer, answer that petition; and suffer not the impenitent to go away from the mirror, which has re-

flected the character of his leprous soul, unmoved and unbenefited.

"May thy people awake to their duty; their prayers be united with thy servant's, and go up as holy incense before thine altar. Oh, for apostolic churches as well as apostolic pastors. How often are thy ministers pained and discouraged, by the fault-finding spirit of those, whose minds ponder only upon the first principles of the doctrine of Christ; as though all was gained by a knowledge of some one, simple element of truth; and if a teacher pass these bounds, in his exposition of God's word, these limited, these sluggish minds, are uninterested, and unedified. If he illustrate the more obscure and intricate, though not less important parts of the gospel, to such, it is no gospel. Hence so many that neglect study, and are unskillful in word and doctrine; because of the limited views of those whose love of mental ease is too strong to permit them to make a single effort to understand the whole system of truth, or the deep things of God.

"November 3. My Father, God! I long for a more perfect conformity to thine image. I come to thee, possessing not the least quality to recommend me to thy notice; soliciting unmerited favor; must be like thee, to glorify thee. After the bread of life I hunger; after the water of life I thirst; that water which will be 'springing up into everlasting life.' Here let me remember that blessed promise, 'If any man thirst, let him come unto me and drink.' Dear Savior, admit me to thy bosom, that overflow-

ing fount. Would not go back, though death obstruct my course, nor live at this poor dying rate.

"November 4. The sacred Sabbath. Two interesting sermons from the Rev. Mr. P., President of W. College. Text in the morning, 'Almost thou persuadest me to be a Christian.' Explained to us human nature, in its different stages—and in how many instances persons were almost persuaded to become Christians, and yet withheld their hearts from Christ. In the afternoon, from the words, 'To-day thou shall be with me in paradise.' Proved the sufficiency and efficacy of Christ's blood to save the vilest of the vile, even at the last hour; and also the danger of postponing a case so important, to a crisis like the last moment of probation.

"November 11. Another holy Sabbath is numbered in the vast catalogue of time. Sermons by the Rev. Mr. S., of W. The first, from the passage, 'If the son therefore shall make you free, ye shall be free indeed.' The latter, from the words, 'Simon, son of Jonas, lovest thou me?' These discourses were full of instruction to the church, and faithful warnings to the world; and followed by prayers too impressive to be forgotten. In intercessions for our pastor, he said, 'May he be successful in helping on the weak and tiring; and in restraining the bold and forward.'

"Oh, thou Searcher of the heart, to thee would I look. Wilt thou annihilate every desire for applause or distinction, all selfishness, in whatever form it may appear. May I possess that meekness, and that inward adorning, spoken of by the Apostle.

Oh, for that retiring disposition which characterized the blessed Jesus. Dear Savior, enable me more fully to resemble thee; and while I would ask to be preserved from a bold and forward disposition, I would plead for more holy zeal; for love unquenchable, prompting to more untiring efforts; to obedience through evil, as well as good report; through the water and through the fire, yea, even unto death.

"November 13. How kind is my heavenly Father, in raising my oppressed spirits. How peaceful the last night; how full of prayer. Truly it is good to draw near to God; to be awake with God, and commune with him. Oh, how blessed to labor in spirit; to spend whole nights in prayer. 'The Lord shall command his loving-kindness in the day time, and the night his song shall be with me, and my prayer unto the God of my life.'"

It appears from the journal of Mrs. Porter, that she was at different times, impressed with the idea, that it might be her duty to devote herself to the cause of missions. We know not that she ever acknowledged this to any of her friends; but we should judge from the following, as well as from some other parts of her diary, that she had thought much, and deeply on the subject; and that whatever struggle it might have cost her, had she been convinced that it was her duty, she would cheerfully have made the sacrifice.

"November 14. My soul is sorrowful, and very heavy. How full and commanding appear the

labors of the future. Those degenerate beings, that are wandering upon the vast plain, answering to the description given by the prophet, 'the dispersed of Judah, and outcasts of Israel,' of how much consequence their immortal spirits! Outcasts indeed, poor, despised, trodden under foot, hunted like the partridge upon the mountains; how they hang upon my spirit, and twine about my heart. Yet how far are they from the hand that would point to them a Savior. Oh, how many preventives to their instruction and salvation. But has not God chosen them for his possession? Thanks be to him for the hope, that he will make straight in the desert a highway for himself. Thanks to his name for his kindness in going before, to prepare the way for his followers. God is indeed love. But oh, this heaviness, what means it? Must this heart be torn from other hearts so dear, to follow in that highway thou art preparing? 'Ah, Lord God, behold I am weak, for I am a child.' But did not the blessed Savior leave his Father's bosom, and bliss too, with which none on earth can compare, to elevate this dark and degraded world? Oh, my sorrowful spirit, remember this, and be at rest. 'It is enough for the servant that he be as his Lord.' But can I leave all this elevated mind; these kindred hearts, and associate with minds dark, degraded, and corrupted; with not one congenial spirit, with whom to exchange the kindly thought?

"Let me once more recollect the exalted Redeemer. What elevated mind did he leave? With what kindred spirits did he part? Did he find aught on

earth congenial to his own pure spirit? 'He came to his own, and his own received him not.' Despised and rejected of men, he had not where to lay his head. And did he complain of the bitterness of his cup? did impatience ever mark his conduct? Hear his language, 'If this cup may not pass from me, except I drink it, thy will be done.' Or did he, at the last dreadful hour, while strengthening the hand that pierced him, exhibit aught that was unkind? Hear from the cross that unearthly voice, 'Father, forgive them, for they know not what they do.' His dying testimony, in those emphatic words, 'It is finished,' told that he had performed all his Father's will. I would also now remember, how often these lips have begged that I might be made like unto him; and am I now willing to follow in his steps? Alas! what will it profit me to say Lord, Lord, and do not the things that he says? He was obedient to his Father's will, even unto death. Dear Savior, make me thus obedient to thee.

"November 15. Let me now contemplate the joy that was set before the Son of God, which made him endure the cross, and despise the shame. Who can fathom it? His eye saw the victory that would be gained over sin; the innumerable company, the purchase of his sufferings, that would at last sit down at the marriage supper of the Lamb. Glorious era! He will then see of the 'travail of his soul, and be satisfied.'

"November 16. How interesting, how supporting at the dawn of day, to reflect on those poor

down-trodden beings for whom the Redeemer died, as being raised from their degradation and darkness, and elevated to a seat at God's right hand, to go no more out forever. What strength it gives, to suffer the loss of all things.

"November 20. Oh, this labor of soul, wherever I go, and whatever I do. Why dost thou thus draw me? Why make such intercessions for me, that I may know thy will? Thou knowest all things; the trials that are before me, thou knowest, and for them canst prepare me. Above all, grant me thy presence, that I may enjoy the light of thy countenance —

'Walk all day beneath thy shade,
And safe at night repose my head.'

"November 21. My thoughts still dwell upon the poor wanderers, created in the image of God, yet scattered abroad upon the earth. His eye is upon them; and shall I not remember them? Shall I not love the object of his regard, though it be an Indian, a slave, or some poor foreigner? What if the body is less comely than ours? is not the spirit immortal, and of as much worth as that of the greatest earthly monarch? Blessed Jesus, enable me to give even my life for them, if thou requirest the sacrifice.

"November 24. To-day, a dutiful son, indulgent husband, and affectionate father has been laid in the silent grave. God's ways are indeed higher than our ways, and his thoughts than our thoughts. The arm upon which the aged parents, the enfee-

bled wife, the numerous children, leaned for protection, is removed. The important place which he filled in the church, is also vacant; and the building trembles for its loss. May God bind up the broken heart, heal the wounded spirit, and repair the breach made in the family and in the church, for his mercies's sake.

"November 28. Oh, for more conformity to God; for that meek and quiet spirit, which is in his sight of great price; for knowledge to order my speech aright. Dear Savior, teach me how to pray; give me faith, both to ask, and to believe that I shall receive that for which I ask. How many precious hours have run to waste, even in prayer. through ignorance.

"November 30. How little patience and temperance is found in my heart! And is it not for want of love to God? If I love him, I shall love to do the things that he says. Oh, for more readiness to suffer with Christ. If I would be like him, which I so ardently desire, I must be willing to be baptized with his baptism. Blessed Jesus, do I not partake faintly of thy sufferings? How often is this spirit exceeding sorrowful! How often does it groan within itself, for what it bears, for what it desires!

"December 2. How delightful the place where truth from Sabbath to Sabbath is dispensed. But the poor and degraded, who come not under the influence of the blessed gospel, how they press upon my mind; objects degraded and dying, without one personal accomplishment to attract; yet pos-

sessing deathless spirits, capable of bearing the image of their Maker. Can I look on these poor, yet priceless souls, and be willing to give them myself, as the Savior gave himself for us—yes, for me? Can I look around upon the objects so dear to my heart, and say farewell? Can I go to tell these precious immortals of a Savior's blood to cleanse from sin—

'To wash the guilty stain away?'

Can I follow him, by not counting my life dear unto myself? O Savior! for the love I bear to thee, would do even this, if thou sayest, and strengthenest me; but without thee, can do nothing.

"December 17. Oh, this unceasing labor of soul! Does not the kingdom of heaven suffer violence by this agonizing spirit? Oh, may I be preserved from consulting the gratification of my own selfish heart; but let thy Spirit make intercession for me, according to thy will.

"December 20. Would this afternoon anew give myself up to thee; and as Abraham, in obedience to thy command, offered to thee the dearest object of his heart, so may I obey, by giving up all things, however dear, if required by thee.

"December 23. How grateful to rise early this first day of the week, and in my thoughts and affections visit the sepulchre. To go even while it is yet dark, and there find the Savior. Oh, how heavenly his smiles; how constant his care; to awake me from my slumbers, and show me his lovely face.

"December 24. Why is my mind so continually exercised, even in my sleep? Why such constant begging for divine direction, and at the same time unable to find one retired spot, in which to pour out my wants to God? Oh, why all this, in my sleep? Why from this, to such wakefulness—such wrestling in prayer—such taking hold of God? Am alone, a poor wanderer; with no arm but thine on which to lean. Though I have many dear friends, yet none with whom to mingle my strangely complicated tears and sighs. But, O Lord, as thou didst protect Joseph amid his sorrows, and didst show forth thy power in preserving him who was but dust, and raising him to a situation where he could save many lives; so thou canst display thy glory, by preparing this dust to point the poor and the needy to thine immense fullness; and thus make her instrumental of saving many dying souls.

"December 28. How many burdens press upon my spirits! How many hands join together to beckon me away from the business and the place in which I now am! Yet to none can I listen—none can I follow. No path is plain—all is mysteriously dark and repelling. Oh, teach me for what to pray; show me thy will. But remember that it is dust that pleads with thee; she can bear but little of thy glory; a faint glimpse of thy beauty, and thy power, and there is no more strength in her. Oh, cover me with thine hand.

CHAPTER XII.

Struggles for Patience and Submission under extreme Mental Sufferings — Relief — Distressing Temptations — Reliance on God.

"JANUARY 1, 1839. Blessed Redeemer! see my spirit troubled even in the night season, and fortify it with thy power, that even in my weariness I may desire thy pleasure more than my own rest; study thy will, rather than reflect on my own sufferings. I fear losing sight of thee in the consideration of my own sufferings.

"January 2. Almighty Savior, at this trying time, preserve me from sin in all its forms. How dark the prospect! Not one ray of light! Not a cloud the bigness of a man's hand to cheer expiring hope. All is repelling, with none to mitigate my anguish by a heart of sympathy. No, there is none for a heart like mine. Am I not alone? Dear Savior, so wast thou. When thy 'soul was exceeding sorrowful even unto death,' then those for whom thou sufferedst could sleep. When thou most needed pity, then thou was forsaken. Oh, give *me* patience, and strengthen me to do always the things that please thee. All things are possible with thee, and my hope is in thee only. I look to no arm of earth for support; nor into any bosom below, can I pour my complaints. All below is too earthly for my trust. I wait the interposition of

thy hand; although all is dark, yet would trust in thee.

"This evening, an anti-slavery lecture, by a colored man. How eloquently he plead the cause of the poor, oppressed slave! May God enstamp his image upon his spirit, and make him a chosen vessel to promote his truth. Oh, slavery! in how many forms is it embodied! how many features it wears! its wardrobe, how extensive and alluring! On me is its hold, and how long shall I be subject to its control? How long ere I shall be emancipated from its dominion? When will my cry be heard, and I be delivered from this servitude—exempted from laboring for the things so soon to perish, that I may spend, and be spent, in procuring a more enduring substance—even a treasure in the heavens? O God, let not this short life be spent in vain desires, but in action. Place me where I can glorify thee with my body, as well as with my spirit.

"January 3. I awake in the night season, and pour out my complaint unto thee, but without relief. Thou hast brought me into darkness, but not into light. I hear a silent, a divine voice saying, 'If ye have faith as a grain of mustard seed, ye shall say unto this mountain, Remove hence to yonder place, and it shall remove. But faith is the gift of God; and how can this degenerate heart exercise faith, except he give it? Here is this mountain pressing upon my soul; but how can I say, Be thou removed, without faith? and how can I exercise it, while it is withheld? 'Lord, save or I perish.' Helpless, and alone, I cry unto thee; but thou answerest not; yet my hope is in thee.

"January 5. Truly, the Lord is good to them who call upon him. He comes; how full of sympathy for the weary and distressed! But, Lord, how can I bear thy mercies? Just as the eye is overcome by the light, after a long exclusion from it, so does the soul faint to behold the loving-kindness of the Lord, after wandering in thick darkness. Am not worthy of the least of thy mercies; how much less of mercies so great. Dear Savior, help me to be thankful.

January 13. Father, thou art just! In wisdom thou hast prepared my cup, and I would not raise my hand to pass it away, nor indulge one unreconciled thought. Oh, save me from the bitterest of all dregs, that of an unsubdued heart; and if the cup many not pass from me except I drink it, kindly strengthen me to receive it, and may it be rendered not only palatable, but sweet, from the consideration that it has been prepared by thee.

"January 19. Is there no balm in Gilead, and no physician there? Oh, be merciful, so far as it can please thee. Would be patient, even in the fire. O my Father! would calmly approach the furnace, and throw myself therein, not because of grief, but for the more full development of thine own glorious image in my heart and life, that I may come forth a more perfect representation of thee; and oh, may I now, if never before, consent to be torn away from all my heart holds dear, if thou requirest it. * * *

"Dear Savior! thou only knowest the oppression of my soul, the heaviness of my spirit. Oh,

the darkness of this hour! Have I not arrived at an extremity sufficient to engage the interposition of thy powerful arm? Is it not needful for me, that these dark waves of sorrow be parted? O my Father! may I not go down to my grave, and be at rest? But how can I thus do, and leave my work unfinished? Oh, make haste to help, for I am weak, and fainting.

"A few more days, and my business must necessarily demand an excursion to Boston, or some other place of 'vanity fair;' and oh, how can this spirit within be thus enslaved? How can a heart that would be devoted to God, be thus subject to the fancies and fashions of this miserably darkened world? Must it be debarred from contemplating the truths of God's word, by the merciless hand of this deceptive world? Must I leave the summit, on which I have often stood, and from which I have looked away to Mount Zion above, and beheld him whom my soul loveth, God the Father, God the Son, and God the Spirit? Leave the study of divine excellence, too full of glory to be expressed, to be in bondage to this revolted world? O my Father, God! must I submit to this? Could the blessed Savior be thus submissive? Would an angel be persuaded to turn away from the study of thy glorious perfections, to the study of the vain goddess, who is worshiped by so many in this fallen world!

"But, dear Lord, for the blessings I have received from thine hand, would give to thee my whole future life. Poor as is the return, oh, condescend to

accept it, and place me where I can honor thee; in that sphere where the weak things of the world can subserve the interests of thy kingdom; and where the desire of winning souls to Christ, which the Holy Spirit has implanted in my heart, shall not be extinguished by the cold dashing waves of this worthless world.

"Dear Savior! intercede with thy Father for me; plead my cause before him. I know that thou canst open the door of my prison, and lead me through all the intricacies of my way, to that place where I may serve thee. Dost thou not hear the cry of the destitute, and regard their prayer? Preserve me from the vain imaginations of my own heart. Like as a father preserves his child from the folly of his childhood, so preserve me, and work in me to will and to do of thy good pleasure.

"January 21. Solicited to spend an evening socially with friends. O Lord, I cannot go without thee; favor me with thy presence and I will go; as thou didst mingle with the world to do good, so may I.

"January 23. Oh, this heated furnace! its flames, how intense! These mountains that crush me down! These billows that roll over my head! These winds of temptation that beat upon my soul! these cares and these calls that burden my heart! Can I bear them, and live? Oh, can I endure these dreadful whisperings, to 'curse God and die;' to hate God; to turn from him, and die? Can I endure such interrogations as these: 'What profit is there in serving God?' 'What truth is there in his word?' Can I resist all this, while the enemy is

behind and before, to prevent my going forward or back? Hear his voice proclaiming, 'He hath a devil, why hear him?' Hear it saying, 'God has commanded you to forsake all and follow him, and has pronounced his curse upon you, if you disobey. You wish above all things to do so, and why do you not? See the reason. God himself has placed you in the midst of vanity and lies; his own hand holds you; he has bound you, and made the chain inseparable. He commands you away by those wrestlings within; at the same time prevents, by his providences without. What truth is there in his word? or what profit is there if you pray unto him? If there be a God, it is presumption for you to believe in him, as you do. If he has wrought deliverances, it has been only in the past.'

"Oh, how destructive all this to the peace of the soul! How can I endure the conflict, while all within so emphatically tells that God regards not my prayer; and all without seems to be arrayed against me, to laugh at my hope? Where shall I find rest? If I find it, it will be in sleeping for sorrow."

In times of spiritual darkness and depression, the enemy is peculiarly active. It is his sifting time—his hour, and the power of darkness; and the truly pious may be so harassed by his temptations, as to be ready to give up all for lost, and exclaim with David, 'I shall one day perish by the hand of Saul.' But probably much of the perplexity and distress which attended Miss Cushing during the latter part of her business life, arose from

her peculiar situation, and, perhaps, a mistake with regard to the path of duty.

It is painful to trace the mental sufferings of one, whose uniform desire seems to have been, that she might do her Maker's will; and if it was his will that she should continue so long in a situation which had become so repugnant to her feelings, she doubtless erred in suffering her mind to be so annoyed by the duties and cares with which it was encumbered.

We have already intimated that her mind had been directed to the subject of Missions; and from the continued perusal of her journal, we are led to conclude, that it might have been her duty to have followed the examples of those self-denying females who have emphatically left all to follow Christ; and in single life embarked in that cause, to which her mind was directed, and for which she was so well qualified.

Were this the case, she probably erred in not receiving the suggestions of the Holy Spirit, in its still small voice; and by expecting a more direct communication relative to the path of duty, than God at this late day sees fit to grant. From this latter source, we suspect, many of her trials arose. Her journal continues:

"Oh, the darkness, the hopelessness of this hour! The unmingled bitterness of my cup! The Spirit makes no intercession, my prayer is shut out; nothing remains to me but the continual dashing of the waves of distress. But for the belief that I have

not finished the work thou hast given me to do, would gladly go down to my grave and be at rest.

"Blessed Redeemer! I would still look unto thee; thou hast hitherto led me, and wilt thou not now guide me? Of sufferings thou hast tenderly warned me, and may I now remember that thou hast told me of them. Give thy Spirit to make intercession for me; and, if it can please thee, loose the chains by which I am bound. As the bird flies away from the snare of the fowler, so let me fly from this world's oppressive cares.

"A few months since, my situation was consonant with my feelings; the place, the business in which I am, were all to me as God ordained. But now, all is changed. The place is too strait for my spirit. The heart sighs for a wider range of thought, for a work more noble, for treasures more enduring.

"The Savior prayed for a cup to pass from him which never could; so, perhaps, have I; and this may be the thorn I am destined through life to endure; and instead of active labor in the cause I love, my duty may be submissively to acquiese. But if so, why, in so many instances, has the Spirit made intercession to the reverse?

"Oh, strengthen me to bear the raging of these winds, the dashing of these waves; and may I obey thee by laboring to endure the storm, as well as in striving to secure the harbor. I fear my own weakness and unwillingness, more than I fear the raging of the tempest; but wilt thou enable me, with unshrinking firmness, to meet the storms of this short life."

CHAPTER XIII.

Description of a Storm—Reaching after God—Devout Rapture—Sudden Reverse—Dream—Desire to be Employed in the Service of Christ—Providences noticed—Self-Scrutiny.

The following was probably written during the memorable storm of January, 1839, when the river, near which she resided, rose so rapidly, as, in the course of a few hours, to float its icy covering, and sweep away many of the works of man.

"January 29. How awful to see God in the tempest! to witness in the elements the majesty and glory of his power! to hear him in the tempest so emphatically saying, 'I can create, and I destroy.' How independent, how righteously sovereign, the Being we adore! How fearfully grand his appearance! See him, all who will, in his wisdom and might, sweeping away the wealth and the works of men. Hear him in his judgments saying, 'Boast not thyself of to-morrow, for thou knowest not what a day may bring forth.' Hear him proclaim, 'Lay not up for yourselves treasures on earth.' Hear him reasoning with the devotee of this world, 'Wherefore do ye spend your money for that which is not bread, and your labor for that which satisfieth not?' 'Why lay not up for yourselves treasures in heaven, where no floods drown, neither winds destroy?'

"O my soul, receive instruction. See the tempest without, so illustrative of the tempest within. Hear those beating winds, and see those dashing waves; how expressive of the cold and merciless waves of oppression, and the cruel, heart-breaking winds of temptation, combining their force to destroy within this bosom the hopes and expectations of the future! Learn here thy dependence on God. He commands, and the winds are still. He also

'Allays the surges of the mind.'

"O Lord, we would acknowledge thy right to sweep away the works of man. Thou hast thrown down their habitations; thou hast swept away their strong holds; thou hast taken away the voice of gladness, and the sound of the mill-stone; yea, thou hast made desolation for us. This delightful river, so recently confined in its course by the icy fetters of winter, forming one vast and unbroken bridge, for the pleasure of the traveler, is now overspreading its banks with its mighty waters, and hasting its way as if hurried to fill up some vast cavity in the mighty deep, and as if swelling its tide for the purpose of destroying the labors and hopes of man.

"February 1. O God! thou knowest my heart — its unceasing labors, its constant reaching after thee. Wherever I go, wherever I am, in the business excursion, in the social circle, in the closet, or elsewhere, there thou hearest its constant importunity for the kind interposition of thine hand. Oh, enlighten my understanding, inform my judgment, regulate my thoughts, and sanctify my affections;

that I may be prepared to receive instruction from thee, and to withstand all the fiery darts of the adversary; that I may be henceforward found in the truth, always abounding in the work of the Lord.

"February 2. Dear Savior! may I more entirely forget myself in the recollection of thy cause. Oh, command my heart, and my hand, that they be not devoted to the pleasures of sense, but to the great interests of thy kingdom; and to this end show me thy glory, and bind my soul to thee. Is not the hour near, when the visible interposition of thy hand is necessary to a knowledge of the path of duty? Oh, forbid, mighty God, that I should live merely as a monument of thy workmanship; but wilt thou work in me to will and to do of thy good pleasure. Oh, guide my way to the work thou art preparing for me. My future happiness I leave with thee; if thou dost lead me, all is well. If it be unto death, there would I go; thy strength accompanying me, there *can* I go.

"How have I sinned, in that I have yielded to impatience! My restless, wandering heart has led me into darkness and trouble. I had forgotten that great company, who, through faith and patience, have inherited the promises. I had forgotten, that although the vision tarry, I am to wait for it. Oh, forgive, dear Lord, my weakness and folly; and may I learn, in whatever state I am, therewith to be content. When the Spirit's influences are withheld, and I am left, faithless, comfortless, and alone, may I then learn submission, and in patience and prayer possess my soul.

"Let me never presume to intercede with thee in my own name or strength; but as faith brings the object, and the Holy Spirit makes intercession, so let me pray. Oh, preserve me from that passiveness which does not prompt to effort — to labor for entire sanctification through Christ. Dear Savior, listen to the intercession of thine own Spirit; descend to earth — come with angels, and prosecute thy will; come with glory, and array with white robes this ransomed spirit ere long to depart. Come, Lord Jesus, come quickly.

"February 5. How memorable the last evening! How pure, how sublime the enjoyment derived from the influences of the Holy Spirit! It told of God, as our Father and bountiful Benefactor. It told of him as our Savior, the purchaser of all we could enjoy here, and all we hoped to enjoy hereafter. How peaceful that hour! it seemed full of the Father, of the Son, and the Holy Spirit. Happy process, to purify and elevate the affections. Oh, golden moments, when God is near!

"This afternoon, how dark, and comfortless! All things appear to mock at my sincerity, and as if laboring to prove my mistaken faith. My ways seem indeed hedged up, and the devourer as if intent to make my spirit the object of his prey. Shall I not now fight the fight of faith, and in this time of darkness and trouble, reach forth my hand unto thee, and plead thy promises?

"Lord, look down upon this weary-worn spirit, surrounded by a host of enemies; some bearing an-

gel-like counsels and encouragements; others evidently satanic; all laboring to undermine my trust in thee. O my Father, behold my inability to contend with foes like these. Look upon my effort to confide in thee, and to remember the Savior when led up into a mountain to be tempted of the devil.

"Shall I not, at this trying moment, labor to believe, that thy word will all be accomplished? Oh, preserve me in darkness like this, from the power of the destroyer; show me the danger of trusting in myself, and the safety of confiding in thee. Lord, I am but scarcely saved; be merciful, or I fail of that. Behold the ignorance, the blindness, the sinfulness of this heart; witness the temptations, the threatenings, the flatteries, it is destined to combat; and then pity its pressure, and remember me in thy tender mercy. In all this, 'hold thou me up, and I shall be safe.' The sins which I have committed through ignorance, do thou kindly pardon, and lead me in the way of life, light, and knowledge. Am insufficient of myself to reflect one ray of light in this dark world, or to make better one single inhabitant of earth. Oh, what am I, to subserve the interests of thy kingdom, or do the things thou hast seemed to require? O Lord God! I am a child, and cannot glorify thee, except glorified by thee."

It has been made a question whether we are accountable for our thoughts while asleep; probably the correct answer would be an affirmative, so far as they are connected with the general course of our

thoughts when awake. From some remarks in the journal of our deceased friend, we should think her mind was much on divine things during her sleep; yet we have no evidence that she placed an undue reliance upon dreams, or that she regarded them as originated by supernatural agency; still, she probably believed, with many other religious persons, that we might make a wise improvement of them, and turn even our sleeping thoughts to some good account. The use she made of dreams may be learned from the following record:

"February 8. When I am awake, and when I sleep, I am still with God. The scene presented to my mind the last night — how can I describe or forget? The indignation of the Almighty seemed ready to sweep away the inhabitants of earth; the storms of his wrath, as if hasting to overtake the sinner; while many affrighted beings were endeavoring to escape their offended Judge. Half-hearted Christians, also, appeared to be trembling for fear of the sentence which might be pronounced upon them. The awfulness of the scene hastened my steps, with theirs, toward a delightful bank, beside a beautiful river. On that bank I stood, but no fear pervaded my heart; my safety was in God, through Christ. In the midst of death, could look away to Him who was my life. Then, as never before, could say, 'O death, where is thy sting?' While the question arose, Why do I not fear in a scene like this? how peaceful the answer which I realized:

'Because thou hast made the Lord thy refuge, even the Most High thy habitation.' It was delightful to walk on this peaceful bank, and tell the troubled spirits, by which I was surrounded, of the safety there was in Christ, and exhort them to make Him their refuge. I awoke, and how solemn my reflections! O my Father! did I not in my sleep commune with thee? Why could I so fearlessly witness the storms of thy wrath, while so many were calling upon the rocks and mountains to hide them from thy presence? Oh, why was my naturally timid spirit then so exempt from fear? Did I not experience the truth of thine own word, 'Thou shalt not be afraid for the terror by night; nor for the arrow that flieth by day; only with thine eyes shalt thou behold and see the reward of the wicked.' Whatever in after life I may witness, let that promise be fulfilled; and may I never fear the knowledge of thy will, however terrific its disclosure. Oh, may I delight to leave all my interests in thine hand. 'Be careful for nothing, but in every thing, by prayer and supplication, may my requests be made known unto God.' May I wait his will, take no thought what I shall possess, but as God shall give, so receive. As he cares for the lily, so will he care for me.

"February 9. When all without is dark and repelling, may I look beyond this vale of tears, to that world where all is peace and safety. Oh, increase my faith.

"February 11. O my Father, if it can please

thee, raise me from this pit of vanity in which I am. I would not lightly estimate the means put into my hands to provide for my wants, nor count them insignificant, when kept in their proper place. But Oh, I would deprecate the perverted taste, the idolatrous affection, and the forbidden desire, which so often attend them. Here lies the grand secret of my heaviness.

"To care for the body is also just, and in obedience to God's command; but to do so, to the neglect of the immortal mind; to be anxious to accumulate treasures on earth, while no care is taken to lay them up in heaven, is folly in the extreme.

"Trust I can labor without idolatry; can use the world and not abuse it, receiving with thankfulness its rational enjoyments; yet, after all, the pleasure is too limited for my spirit. There is an employment above all this, just suited to the desires of my heart — the study of the perfections of God; of the mysteries of the Gospel; the restoration of a fallen world through a Mediator. In the vineyard of the Lord, in the service of Christ, there would I spend and be spent. But can I add to his glory? No, not essentially; neither can angels; but men and angels are required to worship him. To make his name more glorious, he has chosen the weak things of this world to confound the wise, and to subserve the interests of his kingdom; and for this reason would I labor, that his name may be glorified.

"February 12. O my Father, how can I talk of the operation of thy Spirit upon my mind? How

can I exhibit thy truth? Let the Holy Spirit help my infirmities, or insignificance will be insignificance still. Oh, teach me what is truth. Let those undefinable influences, so far beyond the reach of philosophy to explain, be too evident to be mistaken; and let not the divine influence upon my heart, be lost in the mist of my own mind. Oh, what am I, to talk of intercourse with the King of kings!

"February 21. My Father, let me not live merely to make up the great aggregate of living things, but to glorify thee. O thou, who once wast but in boyhood, yet possessing wisdom beyond the attainment of manhood, come again to lips of clay and manifest thy glory. Grant knowledge, as well as love, that thy truth may appear in all its excellence.

"February 23. An awful judgment threatens our land, and the sound of war has reached our ears. One general excitement pervades our State. The militia is being drafted, which includes our dearest friends, liable to be called away at a moment's warning. The heart of the wife and mother is rent with anguish, at the thought of separation.

"February 24. Sabbath. Interesting sermon. Subject, the sovereignty of God displayed in the government of the world. Our ignorance and folly in opposing this government, was illustrated by the little ant, which, from its mole-hill, should presume to dictate to men their forms of government, and the manner of administering them. The sermon was one well calculated to allay the agitation of the public mind.

"This is, indeed, a day long to be remembered; husbands, fathers, sons and brothers are being called away to protect the supposed rights of our State, and the result may be the loss of life. But *He* who rules in heaven, rules also on earth, and let the earth be glad. Yet surely this is a time for prayer on the part of the church, that God would avert his judgments from us.

"February 26. To-day, attend the Anti-Slavery Convention. May they who plead the cause of the oppressed, do so in love and good will, even to the oppressor. May they look first at the sin, as a violation of God's law, and then at the evil consequences. May they never possess that mistaken zeal which even apostles manifested, when they would have called down fire upon their enemies; but may they win the oppressor's heart by truth and love. May they be wise and harmless, tender and affectionate, that while they reprove, they may not wound. May God himself remember mercy for the oppressor, and the oppressed.

"February 27. How dark my understanding! how dull my perception! My inferiority I cannot describe. How can I progress with such obstacles? Oh that God would look upon my begging spirit, remove these mists from my mind, and let me not live in vain.

"March 4. Have been reading some of the works of Abbot and Cecil, just suited to my present wants. But my tired and weakened body needs rest; oh, where can I find it? What shall I do to relax these

straitened nerves? Will not God regard my person, as well as my spirit, and restore my health?

"How expressive of love the interposition of Providence! This evening a brother called, and proposed my taking a short tour, to visit dear friends; just what my health needs. See, O my soul, the kindness of thy heavenly Father. The little sparrow shares in his care; how much more do I?

Miss Cushing was a careful observer of passing events, even the most minute; and eyed the hand of God 'in all the good and ill that chequer life.' Were this more generally the case, how often would the Christian's heart be filled with gratitude to the all-wise Disposer of events, for incidents, which now, through inattention, excite no grateful emotions? If we acknowledge a particular, as well as a general providence; if we believe that the agency of our heavenly Father is concerned in every passing event, in all the occurrences that diversify our lives; and if to this belief, we add the tracing of the Divine Hand in every dispensation; with what cheerfulness, with what equanimity of soul, are we prepared to meet the numerous perplexities and trials which cross our path! And how deeply interesting to the pious mind, to trace the varying dispensations of Providence; all connected together, by one unbroken chain; while the most important results are often produced by apparently the most trivial causes! This trait was prominent in the character of Miss C., as may be seen by the preceding, as well as by many other extracts from her journal.

heart, and learn the origin of its actions. Have I been leaning on earth? Have I been cherishing some darling sin, or seeking earthly good? Oh, if I be deceived, it is in sincerity, through the ignorance that is in me. Search me, O Lord, and if there be evil, direct my eye to that evil. Oh, for an upright heart; for pureness, for knowledge, and for love unfeigned; that which produces obedience to all God's commands.

"March 17. Spend the night with a sick friend. Would give myself away anew to God; yield all to his service, relying on his wisdom. How peaceful to follow him, though in a dark way! to follow him at any expense, and leave the wherefore with him. With these contemplations, how pleasant the night; all is light about me.

"March 18. The sun that lights my pathway, seems again to have set, and how painful the darkness! This burning process, how hard to endure, when all-sufficient strength is withheld. Oh, how incomprehensible are his ways toward me! The past, how pleasingly memorable, and yet how painful! Those hours so dear, may have been to show the power of imagination, the susceptibility of the human mind. But can I count such unspeakable exhibitions of light and love, merely the effects of a fruitful imagination? Can I consider those gracious words which seemed to proceed out of the mouth of the Savior, and which fell in such heavenly accents upon my ear, the whispering of some false spirit to lead me into captivity? Oh, for light from above,

that I may be able to 'try the spirits, whether they are of God;' and judge righteously in all things.

"March 19. This afternoon, returned from the care of my sick friend, to the solitude of my chamber; and how full of the presence of Christ! How attentive his ear, ready to hear all my complaints! How full of pity his heart! Truly, he is touched with the feeling of my infirmities; he knows the pains I feel. Dear Savior, how peaceful to recline my weary head upon thy bosom, that I may tell thee all my sorrows, and whisper all my complaints and wants into thine ear. See the overflowing fount! See the love of God in Christ for the poor, distressed spirit! yea, even for me! Oh, what love for one so worthless! Hear him so sweetly saying, 'I will never leave thee nor forsake thee!' He holds my tempted soul in his hand, that it may not be smitten beyond what it is able to bear. Oh, how shall I return such infinite kindness!"

CHAPTER XIV.

Trials Sanctified—Reflections on the Operation of Mind—Christ our Example—The Tempest succeeds the Calm—Nearness to God—Trials, and high and holy Enjoyment—Allusion to Hannah More.

"MARCH 20. These fiery trials break the strong ties which have hitherto bound me to earth. Thanks be to God, fire is sufficient to burn these cords of self-love; that the affections may go out with increased attachment to Christ; and mount upward as on eagles' wings. Have recently loved to contemplate a situation which has heretofore appeared the most afflicting of all others, and felt that even in that I could glory, if it were for Christ's sake; that if every earthly stream of pleasure were dried up, with Christ I could be happy. Oh, how enriching to yield up all, and count those things once dear to my heart, as loss for him!

"March 21. How wisely meted out are all the providences of my life. Day by day comes my daily bread; with new objects of thought, new trials or new joys. To-day a kind disclosure from a friend in the form of a reproof. May it not tend to make me more and more depressed and worthless; but more cautious, and wise, in all my way; more like my great pattern. Cannot be perfected by peace and pleasure; but it must be by pain and trial, 'so as by fire.'

"March 22. All is pleasure, when I walk in the light of thy countenance. No labor is wearisome, no chastening is painful, no ways are dark, for thou art with me. Oh, take not thine Holy Spirit from me. With thee am happy, take what thou wilt away.

"March 26. How peaceful the retrospect of the past few days! A wise Providence seemed to call for a sacrifice of personal ease and profit, and direct me to the sick chamber of a dear friend, to administer to her wants. How blessed to forget one's self, in consideration of the will of God. Visited also the deeply afflicted, the widow and the fatherless, and friends who were sick, possibly, if not probably, unto death. It is indeed heavenly to do my Master's will; to remember him in his acts of benevolence, ready always to administer to the wants of others, as their character and circumstances required. Truly, 'he went about doing good.' Oh, that he would allow me to do so; that he would count me worthy of his employ. May I prove my willingness to follow him, by forsaking all I have, the things dearest to me. To relinquish for Christ things held but loosely, is but a poor proof of my love. If I would be his disciple, must count the fondest gratification of my heart, of nothing worth, when in competition with his will. O my Savior, help me to do this, and whatever thy providence shall dictate, however much it may be against my fondest wishes and expectations, however deeply it may oppress. May I then be enabled to show how much I love thee, by saying from the heart, Not my will, but thine be done.

"March 27. How complex the operations of the human mind! how deep the study of one's self! How ready we are to expect a thing because we desire it; and how slow to do so because it is promised! How strong the influence upon the mind from natural causes, and how powerful the influence from the Holy Spirit! the latter, distinct from the former, both in kind and degree, yet not always distinguishable. But how different in its effects! The one, bearing the image of the heavenly; the other of the earthly.

"I see the human mind, susceptible of high-toned, emotions; innocent, but not holy; in some instances I may not have perceived the difference between innocence and holiness. Lord, teach me what are the higher operations of the natural heart, and those which are peculiar to the renewed. May I be enabled to distinguish the divine influence from every other. May I know what the Spirit authorizes me to do, and expect. Oh, grant me a wise and understanding heart, that I may know myself and thee. Make me more heavenly. Cannot expect to imitate the infinite perfections of Deity; but there is a glorious example I would imitate, 'God manifest in the flesh.' An exalted pattern! He lived our example, and died our sacrifice. I would bear more of his image, that the world may see that I have been much in his presence, and be led to glorify him. Oh, I would exhibit his light to a dark and fallen world; I would tell them of his compassion; his readiness to forgive the repenting sinner. I would tell them of his smiles of love for the contrite spirit; of his fullness, to which all thirsty spirits are invited

to come, and drink abundantly; and I would tell them of that rest which remains for the faithful. As Moses lifted up the brazen serpent, so would I, by a blameless life, and godly conversation, in the humble sphere in which I may move, hold up the blessed Savior, that the dying sinner may look and live.

"March 28. Thy ways are ways of pleasantness; all is peaceful when I can trace thy hand. But alas! I look forward to a thorn that must pierce my heart, if it be not removed, or divested of its point. It is an immersion into the cares of business; the study of fashions. Painful thought.

"How can this heart be tranquil when the tempest so constantly succeeds the calm? Sometimes my soul seems filled with God, and sometimes with satan. At one time, raised to the full possession of promise; at another, fallen, as if shut out from all hope in God, either as Governor or Giver. Alas! is not the grand secret of all this, a mistaken trust? unconsciously trusting in myself, rather than in God? O my soul, 'Lean not on earth, 'twill pierce thee to the heart.' How full of meaning the words of the Apostle, 'If any man think that he knoweth anything, he knoweth nothing yet as he ought to know.' Has not my own hand inflicted the deepest wounds? because of the darkness of my understanding, have I not pierced myself through with many sorrows?

"March 29. Read to-day the Memoir of Mrs. Ellis; precious testimony to the benefits resulting from the death of Christ. How many monuments

are raised to tell the efficacy of his blood? Dear Savior, raise up a monument in this speck of thine, to show forth the wonders of redeeming grace. I am too ignorant to instruct; but may I represent some trait in thy character; thy meekness, and subjection to thy Father's will. But alas! a partial likeness is not sufficient to meet the desires of this immortal spirit; the entire fullness of every feature can alone satisfy me. Oh, draw the outlines of thy likeness in my heart, and never leave the work, until all its lineaments are filled up, and every feature is fashioned and finished in thy likeness, and made to supplant all the image of the earthly.

"How vast the love of God, 'which passeth knowledge!' how exalting, and yet how subduing, when shed abroad in the heart! Can now devote myself to worldly business if it be the will of Him so boundless in wisdom and love; though it be the most painful of all labor, yet would do its drudgery, if in that I can serve Christ, and be permitted to lie at his feet, and hear the gracious words that proceed out of his mouth.

"March 30. The love of God, like an overflowing stream, seems fertilizing my whole heart, and sweeping away 'earthly things!' Nearness to him never seemed before so dear and sanctifying. But for some expressions of his will in the manifestation of his presence, should believe that a speedy departure was at hand. But notwithstanding the labor of earth, and the rest of heaven, must tarry till all my work be done. Were it now finished, how gladly would I leave all below, to rise and dwell

above! When all his purposes concerning me are accomplished, then will I depart and be with Christ.

"April 1. Oh, sanctify me wholly, for sin reigns within. Impatience, that fruitful source of sin, gives success to temptation, painful in the extreme. Oh, is not the carnal mind enmity against God? and do I not painfully experience its operations? Who shall deliver me, not only from temptation, but from the body of this death? Oh, it is no easy work to bring every thought into captivity to the obedience of Christ. This will of mine, how uncontrollable! if it be governed in one thing, it triumphs in another; if it be defeated in one object, it operates in another. Truly, 'it is not subject to the law of God;' therefore the fitness of the command, 'Keep thy heart with all dilligence.'

"April 2. My heaviness cannot be described; Not one ray of light to cheer me onward. The future, dark; the past, incomprehensible. Oh, that I could cease from anxiety, casting all my care upon God. This afternoon memorable only for sorrow. I am 'brought into darkness, and not into light.' All my ways are hedged up. While the hand of God seems pressing me onward, some irresistible power appears driving me backward. Cannot go back, nor yet forward, and how can I stand still? Oh, my anguished soul! Oh, for knowledge to guide me in the way I should go!

"But in these sufferings, may I be submissive to my Father's will; and remember Him who suffered, not for himself, but for the world; for me. My trials are unknown to earthly friends; can have no

sympathy from them, however dear, to sweeten my cup of bitterness; the Savior alone can feel or remove them. Oh, may I manifest his patience and quietness under them, and be preserved from one repining thought. All is meted out in mercy by my Father's hand; these sufferings are needful for me.

"April 3. How sweet the passage, 'The meek will he guide in judgment; and the meek will he teach his way.' Is that spoken to *my* heart? am *I* the meek one, whom he will guide? Oh, how peaceful to commit all my ways to God! He will lead me by a way which I know not, and in paths which I have not trod. Can be happy in paths of his choosing; in the continuance of the employment so contrary to the wishes of my heart, can be content. If his purposes require it, can, with high and holy rapture, say, 'Thy will be done.' How wonderful his power! He can turn my heart, just as the leaf is turned by the least breath of air; can make joyful, things which have heretofore been so painful; and enable me to contemplate the service of the world, and even business excursions, with pleasure, if it be his will. How changed now the walls of my prison! 'Love,' 'Love,' is inscribed upon them, and upon all the providences that prolong my stay. How unspeakable his love! Never did he appear so glorious; never enjoyed communion so perfect. Oh, to be worthy to be in his employ! to be enabled to glorify him in body and in spirit!

"April 4. Oh, how unreasonable have been my wishes! how impatient my heart! I have not

been content with having, day by day, my daily bread, but have eagerly reached after things, which I have hitherto not been prepared to receive. How evident my ignorance and sinfulness! If I would have instruction, must be content to receive it in the way unerring wisdom sees best.

"April 7. Dear Savior, would acknowledge the kind instructions thou art giving me; and while I mourn that so much is defiled with sin, I would rejoice in that which is sanctified by grace. Would not be blind to those pure principles implanted in my heart, by the contemplation of those unholy ones that remain there; but may I ever acknowledge how great things the Lord has done for me. Oh, I remember the distraction with which temptation filled my soul; and I remember when these winds and waves were bidden to be still, and all was peace. I remember the tempter's voice, which whispered death to my soul, when God was only intending to make me more perfect in life. May I advance in knowledge; be enabled to detect sin in all its forms and features; know how to receive the good, and cast the bad away. O my Father, take not thy Holy Spirit from me, when it reveals so wonderfully thy beauty, and my deformity.

"April 9. Returned from visiting the sick, and calling upon others in health. Alas! how ignorant and unqualified am I to do any good in the world! Oh, this darkness within! this pain that swells my heart! There is no rest for my spirit. Oh, how imperfectly do I resemble my Savior! My trials are such as could never pain his heart. Ignorance and suspense were no ingredients in his cup of sor-

row. There was nothing which he could not see, and understand. His perfect eye surveyed the vast expanse of the future, and saw the path he must pursue. Oh, how little have I that will compare with one emotion of his holy soul, either in feeling or acting. Am I not too foolish and base for his use? Can God be glorified by the folly of the fool? Am neither fit for solitude nor society. Am beset with temptations. Something whispers, 'The knowledge you wish cannot be gained either by prayer or study;' yet am constrained to press forward in a path that seems all darkness; darkness in the extreme. I call upon God; but am pained with the idea, that I offer a 'vain oblation.' But will he not hear the cry of the broken and contrite heart? Does not his own word say, 'He will regard the prayer of the destitute, and not despise their prayer.' Would spend this entire day at the mercy seat. Oh, these fiery darts of satan, that enter my soul! Is God a hard master? Is there not truth in his word? Is there not profit in praying to him? Does he withhold that which he commands me to seek? It cannot be. Oh for his aid in time of need; for his direction, and explanation, in the lessons he gives me to study. O my great Teacher, wilt thou not illustrate to my understanding, those parts, so complex and dark? Let me not study in vain. Oh, lead me to-day, in the way I should go. How obvious is the kindness of my heavenly Father! He has heard prayer, and this evening appeared for my relief. Would render unto him praise and thanksgiving forever.

"April 11. Spent the last night with friends.

Much of it passed in wakefulness, on account of the power of sin over me. Vain desires for greatness. Oh, how can I be useful? My words are sufficiently many, but not sufficiently wise. Long for instruction from on high; for wisdom and understanding; for knowledge to do as Christ did, in this ensnaring world. But may I not tempt the blessed Savior, in my entreaties; and expect him to grant this knowledge in a moment, because he is able to do so; but may I be willing to receive his blessings in his own appointed way; to follow in Infinite Wisdom's path, though it lead as did Joseph's. Oh, if mine shall lead through a pit, choose thou that pit for me; let it not be made by my own false way.

"Dear Savior, suffer me to come near thee; to sit down by thy side, and learn of thee how to walk in this crooked and perverse generation; how to meet human nature in all the forms it wears. Teach me how to meet it to make it better. Oh, teach me how to represent thee in all places, and under all circumstances. I ask it, not for my honor, but for thine, that the world may be led to glorify thee. Take me, foolish and ignorant as I am, and make me to show forth thy wisdom and power.

"April 13. O Lord, make the path of duty plain before me. Kindly teach me what thou wouldst have me do; and if I love thee, shall love to do the things thou requirest. Oh, preserve me from myself; from the wounds my own merciless hand inflicts. This afternoon, how lonely! But it is pleasant to labor for Christ, even in his absence; these are the hours needful for me. Love to dwell

upon those private interviews the Savior had with his apostles. O my soul, remember the last, when he left them, and went away to pray alone. May that caution, 'Watch and pray, lest ye enter into temptation,' be deeply impressed upon my heart. Is not the neglect of this, the principal cause of our Savior's being so often denied by those who profess to love him?

"My Father, save me from sin; cleanse me from its last remains. Teach me the way in which I should go, and the work I should do; and if my path shall lead from those I love so well, kindly bear me from them, and sustain by thine all-supplying presence.

"Thou, dear Savior, hadst friends of thy peculiar choice; so have I. This thou dost not condemn: but if I have loved them too well, take my affections, and place them sufficiently upon thyself; that if thou callest me away, I may go, without once looking back for those I leave behind. Oh, take not thy Spirit from me; but may I say, 'Thy will be done,' with all I count dear.

"April 14. Two important sermons, particularly the latter, from the words, 'Truly this was the Son of God.' After which, commemorated the Savior's death in the ordinance of the supper. Only a few were permitted to come around the table; seeming on that account more like the little flock, with which he communed just before his death. Was led to contemplate things he then understood. As he sat there with his disciples, his all-piercing eye saw the vast future, and the little flock now sitting around

this table. Yes, *we* helped make up the joy that was set before him, that made him willing to endure all his sufferings. And did he look beyond this scene on earth, into the kingdom of glory, and see us sitting at the right hand of God, as the purchase of his blood?

'Christ had his joys; his eye could trace,
Through the long train of coming years,
The chosen children of his grace—
The rich reward of all his fears.'

"Spent Sabbath evening with friends for instruction and religious conversation. Read and conversed upon the life and character of Hannah More; a character which many might earnestly covet. Her talents and distinction, the unsanctified might desire; and but few in the Christian world, even, would not like to be Hannah More. But oh, how few would like to be that 'poor widow,' with but one mite to give them power and fame. How few are willing to become as that little child, whom Jesus took and set in the midst of his disciples, as a pattern of true greatness. Many would be some conspicuous wheel in the great moral machinery; but how few are willing to fill the place of some remote pin, if it be God's pleasure. Many are laboring to be great in fame; but how few for true greatness? Many would sit in the assembly of the great, and learn of them; but how few are willing to sit at the feet of the blessed Redeemer, to learn of him?

"Many would rejoice to do some great thing, enjoined by Christ, but how few are willing to do those little things he also enjoins; which, though

they attract not the public eye, often cost more effort and self-denial than the former. Oh, may I ever be like that 'little child,' willing to do the things my Savior requires, however small they may appear.

"Oh, for more deadness to the world, and the attachments of earth. Where such have had a tendency to take the heart from God, let them speedily be weakened; in all their earthly influence may they be broken. Have I not loved friends more than Christ? have I not anxiously sought their presence; while I have sought his but indifferently? It is true; I now perceive it. Oh, may I remember, that if I love friends, whoever they may be, more than Christ, I am not worthy of him. If I forsake not all that I have counting all things however dear, as inferior, and of nothing worth, in comparison to him, I cannot be his disciple, Oh, that in future, Christ may be the object of my supreme affection."

CHAPTER XV.

Desire to Resemble Christ — Laments the Worldliness of the Church — Seeks Divine Direction — Fervency of Soul — Compassion for the Degraded — Temporal Prosperity — Despondency — Christian Faithfulness — Decline of Health — Peaceful Contemplation of Death.

"APRIL 16. I read of those who have lived in other generations, and learn their eminence, both in greatness and goodness; but to bear a resemblance to these, or to an angel even, would not satisfy me. If I would be like any created being, it would be Mary, at the feet of Christ, manifesting her gratitude and love, by anointing his feet. What memorial of greatness is equal to this? It was the Savior's encomium, 'Wheresoever this gospel shall be preached in the whole world, there shall also this, that this woman hath done, be told for a memorial of her.'

"But a resemblance to Mary, in all her loveliness, would not meet the desires of this aspiring heart. Christ alone is the one whom I would strive to be like. My thirsty spirit must drink at this fount, to be satisfied; he alone can quench its thirst; and he has kindly presented himself as altogether sufficient; has said in his word, 'Whosoever drinketh of the water that I shall give him shall never thirst; but the water that I shall give him, shall be in him a well of water, springing up into everlasting life.'

"April 17. Cannot yet understand the path of duty. A way seems opening before me, but I cannot tell whether it is the way of the Lord, or not. O my Director! do thou guide me.

"April 18. Day of fasting and prayer. May it be observed, not as a mere formal service, but as one demanding the liveliest emotions of the heart. Oh, the worldliness of the church! if she be conspicuous for anything, it is for a departure from that perfect example she ought to imitate; her neglect of the things she ought to do. Alas! the dark spot she wears! She looks forward to the time when she shall take a part in the song, 'Thou art worthy;' she hopes to rest above; but she hesitates to labor below. Oh, the inconsistency of professors! How long, blessed Redeemer, shall this be said of thy church on earth?

"Some conversation with professing Christians; how much of the image of the earthly do they bear! May God bless the seed sown, that it may bring forth fruit to his glory.

"Again attended the evening prayer-meeting; but all I do may be merely the effects of my own mistaken zeal. Oh, the painful temptations that beset me! Have I thus far devoted my heart's best affections at the shrine of earthly good? Thou that searchest the heart, search me. While I walked, wearied and alone, to the place of prayer, I remembered him, who while on earth was often wearied, tempted and alone; who journeyed not in some cushioned vehicle, which, while it gives rest, carries

the traveler onward, but on foot; and when fatigued, sat down, not on some splendid sofa, but on a well! The Lord of heaven and earth sat down to rest his wearied limbs upon a well! Who of us can follow in his self-denying path? Can I? O my Savior! strengthen my fainting spirit. Thou hast power to do all things, at all times; I am helpless and powerless in all my dark way; but would still strive to follow thee in the humble path thou hast marked for me.

"April 19. Long to be employed in the cause of my Redeemer; but alas! what could I do? I cannot convince the heart of sin, neither can I win it to Christ. My heart sinks within me, when I reflect upon my unfitness, my nothingness. But here I am lifted up, as on eagles' wings, by the declaration, that with other things, he has chosen the things that are not, to do his pleasure. No matter if the instrument be feeble, it can do all things, if wielded by the hand of Ommipotence.

"April 20. May I know the will of God, and never run where I am not sent, and imagine he will strengthen my weakness, because he is able to do so; and may I never hesitate to go where he commands, notwithstanding my inferiority and ignorance.

"April 26. In the business of this world, wait to know my Master's will, to hear what he shall say to me. Cannot take thought even for the next hour, though the time is near when I must decide. My business demands it. Oh, I would hear that sweet voice now whisper, 'This is the way, walk

ye in it.' If it lead to Boston, I would desire to walk in it, as the way my heavenly Father points out, to promote my temporal interest. But no such voice do I hear to cheer me onward, and how can I go forward? But he can guide me in the last extremity.

"Oh, have I not too much disregarded my judgment, that high principle of my intellectual nature, designed by the benevolent Creator to guide me in the affairs of human life? Am I not presuming upon my Maker, in what I desire? I fear it. May I be guided by a correct judgment, as well as correct feeling; both are given by God, and when disciplined by him, are alike profitable to direct. May his Spirit engrave the meaning of his word upon my heart, may it light my path. May I submit all into his hands; believing that if I acknowledge him in all my ways, he will direct my steps.

"April 27. Would lean upon God for support and direction in all my business affairs. He requires obedience to the calls of this world, as well as to those of the world to come. Must give no occasion to those without to speak evil of me. Am to study his providences as expressions of his will; to disregard them, is to disobey. Direct, heavenly Parent, as it shall please thee.

"Love to contemplate the faith of Abraham, and consider again his entire confidence in God, and how clearly his obedience evinced his love. O my Father, I long to come up to such love, faith, and obedience; long to serve thee better. The more inferior the agent by which God acts, the more his

power is displayed in what he does. Oh, I can glory in my infirmities when I remember this; because the power of Christ will rest upon me. Dear Savior, glorify thyself by me, and I ask no more.

"April 30. Oh, this fervency of soul! Prayer is shut up in my heart like fire; there is no rest for my spirit. My state is indescribable; a reaching after God that cannot be turned away, yet cannot reach him, and cannot rest without him. But am I not too anxious to know his will concerning me? Let me reflect upon such inquisitiveness; is it not more impertinent than dutiful? Am I not deceiving myself, desiring my own will more than the will of God? May I remember that God is not so much moved by the fervency of the petition, as by its nature. I thank thee, O thou Source of Truth, for this ray of light. I am a child in knowledge, but mature in folly.

"May 1. Business presses heavily, demanding decided action; but all is dark before me, painfully dark. Fear I may neglect some one step I ought to take. I know that God will do all things well; but I may do many things ill, because of the obscurity of my path. Oh, may duty be made plain.

"May 5. Close my doors to be absent upon the business excursion, so long painfully anticipated.

"May 6. This afternoon, find myself at A., and a kind Providence renders it unnecessary that I should proceed further.

"May 8. Here I stand, calculating, and counting the things once so captivating. Oh, how fair they are, and yet how false? How heavily they

lie upon my heart! Dear Father, look down upon my oppressed spirit; it pants for a release from these vain and fading things; this is not the work I love to do. I wish to be more directly employed in work which will promote the cause of the Redeemer. But I will wait on the Lord. He bids me serve the world yet a little longer. Oh, may he direct me, and return me again to my friends and home. I am happy, not in the sight of my eyes, the hearing of my ears, or the work of my hands, but in doing my Father's will.

"May 10. How precious are thy thoughts unto me! How blessed are they that trust in thee; that trust in thee with the whole heart. With them all is prosperous and peaceful, for thou art with them to guide them.

"May 11. Returned home, richly laden with the goodness of God, and in season for the conference meeting. May I not forget his benefits.

"May 15. In the midst of calls and cares. But my heart is not here; would choose to sit down in some humble spot, where the Savior would meet me, and manifest himself to me. Oh, I would love to mingle with the poor outcasts of the world, and tell them of the Savior's dying love; of his provision for the poor and needy, the sin-sick soul. Oh, how delightful to sit down by these poor ignorant beings, and tell them the story of Jesus! How grateful to watch the emotions of their hearts, as they listen to the all-absorbing theme. How superior to all other employments is a work like this! and oh, how much greater its income!

"But my Father bids me labor in the work of this world, and if I do not his will in this work, can I acceptably in another? Oh, how vain are my professions of love and devotion, if I do not the things he requires.

"May 17. How blessed to retire to some lonely spot, and there to be permitted to think of naught but the cause of Christ. All other things vanish in view of it. Oh, may the day soon come when I shall be more fully set apart for my blessed Lord; when I can think exclusively of God, of Christ, of the kingdom he came into the world to set up, and of souls which it is his design to save.

"May 25. Leave home upon another business excursion. If it please thee, heavenly Parent, let this be the last effort I need make to meet the demands of the earthly mind.

"May 27. Oh, how painful to see the imperfections of those I love! How deep the wound it inflicts!

"May 28. Would be humble in view of my success in business. May I be faithful over the few things God has given me, and return to him his own with usury. His hand is evidently about my path.

"June 7. The interests of both worlds press heavily upon upon my heart. Oh, how much vain mind presses into these rooms, where so much of God has been! And to these minds, have I done my duty? Have I spoken those words of truth and soberness which I ought, to check the vanity I have seen. Am guilty of the sin of omission; but

little of my duty has been done! May it be engraved on my heart too deeply to forget.

"June 8. Health fails, cannot go to the house of prayer. Mourn over the neglect of duty; long for sanctification, more than for health. Oh, help me to walk in all honesty and godly sincerity; and whatever I do, may it be for thy glory.

"June 13. Am blessed abundantly. All my efforts are crowned with success—temporal success; but how delightful to leave all this, if my Savior bid, and follow him. How far superior are the things of heaven to those of earth? What are all the distinctions of earth, its honors, or its riches, in comparison with those from above? Let me mingle with the poor, the despised, as did the blessed Savior; let me be made the channel of his blessings to them; and I am truly honored. How delightful to be bidden to go out into the highways and hedges, and tell the poor of the Savior's feast prepared for their acceptance. I can tell them of his power and grace, can read to them the scriptures; but how ineffectual my efforts, unless accompanied by the Divine influence. O Savior! add thy blessing."

We believe that at this time, though the cares of Miss Cushing's business pressed so heavily upon her, she yet took opportunity to visit the French families in her vicinity, and succeeded in bringing several of their children into the Sabbath School; but unfortunately the Priest soon after visited them, and influenced the deluded and enslaved parents to remove them. But the seed she there sowed may

yet spring up to the praise of him, whose glory she so ardently desired to promote. As one says, 'The seed may spring up, after the hand that planted it, and the eye that watered it, are at rest in the grave.'

"June 17. Disconsolate and alone, an earthly heart is my ready companion. Oh, that God was all and in all to my soul; that it was my meat and drink to do his will, though it should be one continued act of self-denial. Love myself too well, and the cross of Christ too little.

"June 23. Am not fit for my Master's use, or I should be the means of doing some good; some one effort would be blessed. Nothing I do brings honor to God. Oh, how little do I resemble the Savior.

"June 27. A door seems opening for my removal, demanding prayerful consideration. A dear relative* invites me to her home, a place of peace and quietness. May God guide my way in this particular; may every selfish consideration be disregarded, and his will alone be considered. Am pained with living so uselessly. Something seems drawing me away, and yet there is much to keep me back; I would, and I would not, go. Lord, what wilt thou have me do? Would make thy pleasure mine. While all is so dark to my sight, give me faith to guide me. I know thou wilt aid me as my day demands.

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* Her father's sister, residing in Camden.

'Faith is the polar star
That guides the Christian's way;
Directs his wanderings from afar
To realms of endless day;
It points the course, where'er he roam,
And safely leads the pilgrim home.'

"July 6. Oh, how desolate, how forsaken is my spirit; all is dark before me; and God is not moved by my cries; he shutteth out my prayer. My only comfort is gone; my helper is far from me, and what can I do?

"July 7. Oh, what a portion is mine! Earthly cares press heavily upon me, and my spirit is doubly burdened; but would feel that my complicated sorrows are expedient for me. Have been disquieted by them, when I should have sat down patiently under them. Have desired their removal, when I should have sought grace and strength to endure, and profit by them. In this I have sinned. I should have remembered the sufferings of the prophets, the apostles, and the Savior, and the necessity for them; that they were all ordered in the Divine plan, as much as the glory which shall be revealed. I *must* suffer tribulation; dross cannot be consumed without fire.

"Let me then consider the necessity of sufferings. May I hereafter remember, that sorrow is in course with joy; that the former, equally with the latter, is in accordance with the Divine will. The sun that, by a natural law, rises so full of glory this morning, must, by the same law, set to-night; the one is indispensable to the other. May I therefore antici-

pate the sorrows, as well as contemplate the joys, inseparable from my path; and learn to suffer patiently, as well as to do my Maker's will.

"July 10. Would live as the blessed Savior did. His kingdom was not of this world; neither are my honors or treasures here, but above. Help me, O Lord, to glorify thee on the earth, and to this end, make me wise, harmless, and useful. May I have strength to endure the cross, and bear the burdens laid upon me. In this, I shall glorify thee, though unseen by the world.

"July 11. How dark my understanding; how often I mistake the way to do good. I pray to do my Father's will, and overlook those apparently little, though great things, so necessary in doing it. Do not sufficiently watch opportunities for this purpose; am not 'instant in season, and out of season.' Here are, under my care, those whom by the Divine blessing I could benefit; one, whom I suspect of a great wrong, and whom, if I would do my Father's will, I must 'reprove and rebuke,' though it cost me pain, though I suffer the loss of her friendship, by so doing. Oh, those expressive words of the Apostle, 'If any man be overtaken in a fault, ye which are spiritual restore such a one in the spirit of meekness.' Oh, how can I, in this case, be wise, just, and yet harmless? My Father, aid me in this painful duty, that I may perform it faithfully, yet in meekness and love.

"July 12. How many duties press upon me; the painful one now before me, how can I perform? Yet it must be done, or the offender may go on in

sin, the character be lost, and the soul destroyed. May I go forward in the path of duty, relying on the 'strength of the Lord God,' and remembering 'that he which converteth the sinner from the error of his way, shall save a soul from death, and shall hide a multitude of sins.'

"July 13. The trying task is performed. At first, the offender attempted to shield herself from the accusation, by resentment and falsehood; but truth plainly stated, and kindly pressed, reached the heart, and repentance and confession followed. 'This is the Lord's doings, and to him be all the glory.'"

Were all religious persons equally faithful and kind, how much evil would be prevented, and good done.

"July 14. How precious those words of the Psalmist, 'Great peace have they that love thy law, and nothing shall offend them.' It is indeed true, that in keeping the commands there is great reward. Dear Savior, make me to know the way in which I should go. If thou callest me away from this place, notwithstanding these earthly ties, these ardent attachments, I obey.

"July 16. Each day I am burdened with an oppressed spirit. Cannot comprehend it; can only cast myself at the feet of Christ, and ask his grace to strengthen, and his wisdom to instruct me. How wearing to this frail body is labor like this. My heart and my flesh crieth out for the living God. Oh, when shall I comprehend his ways with me?

Oh, that I could understand myself, that I could penetrate the dark corners of my heart, and learn my secret faults. There is a cause for all these sufferings—it is in my own heart. May God enable me to search and find it out, and gain the victory over it. Sin and ignorance—these are the sources of all my sorrows. Oh that God would give me knowledge to supplant ignorance, and holiness to overcome sin.

"July 17. Dear Savior, would sit at thy feet and learn of thee; for truly I lack wisdom. Long to be holy, to gain the victory over every darling sin, every inordinate affection and desire. These fond affections of my heart, how hard to deny; these doubly ardent attachments to friends, how expensive! Would that friends were less dear, less present to my mind. Oh, may they not occupy that place in my affections which belongs only to Christ.

"July 18. This afternoon, fell in company with one, in whose affections the Savior has no place, and who is evidently opposed to the government of God. He listened with apparent interest to the truth, and appeared grateful, though by it he was condemned. Oh, that truth may be set home upon his heart by the Holy Spirit, and he be prepared to be useful in life, and happy in eternity.

"July 20. A defective limb cannot be restored or removed without pain; and shall I not ask God to violate his own word, to break his own law, if I ask him to transform me into his pure likeness, without suffering? Oh, well may the Savior ask,

'Can ye drink of the cup that I drink of,' that ye may bear the image that I bear? Can ye suffer with me here, that ye may reign with me hereafter? How evident that I must suffer, not only that I may be made meet to be a partaker 'of the inheritance of the saints in light,' but that I be fitted for his use here. The sick apply to a physician—a remedy is prescribed and received—it creates pain—but this was anticipated, ere the desired effect could be produced. I am morally diseased; the disease lies, oh, how deep! I long to be restored to spiritual health; my great Physician regards my prayer, and applies the only remedy that can reach my case. Then let me remember that God, in great kindness, is answering my prayer, to prepare me for his use here, and for glory hereafter.

"July 26. Would bear the cross of Christ, suffer the loss of those things dear to my every recollection, if God require it, if this be the discipline I need. Oh, that he may enable me to say in truth, Here, Lord, am I, and the objects dear to me; give what thou canst, and take what thou wilt away. Desire to relinquish my hold on earthly comforts, that God may be all and in all to my heart.

"July 27. Some further indications with regard to my removal to C. Friends know not my duty, and therefore cannot advise. Would know what God requires with regard to it. Can only leave Bloomfield in obedience to the Divine will. No earthly ease or good shall influence me. My health declines—my strength fails. Were it my Father's pleasure, how peacefully could I leave the objects

dear to me, commit my spirit into his hand, and go away and be at rest. Here, alone in my chamber, with none to close my eyes, or wipe away the sweat of death, if Christ be with me, I could take the last farewell of earth, and die without fear. Dear Savior! it is only to draw away the curtain before me, and I shall see thee as thou art, it is only to leave this frail body, and I shall be forever with thee. Oh, why should I desire the presence of friends, when thou art with me, to lead me all the way through the perils of death?

"Were thy purposes fulfilled towards me, and were it thy will, how cheerfully could I this night close my intercourse with earth. But something whispers, Thy work is not yet done; thou art not ready. No, I have not finished the work he has given me to do, and I cannot die; I must be further disciplined, and fitted to receive the things he designs to give. Though I am in pain, yet all is well. Though no earthly friend is near, yet the Savior's presence is a host about me."

CHAPTER XVI.

Sickness—Resignation—Divine Consolation—Anxiety for the Church—Temptations under the Hidings of God's Countenance—Convalescence—Extracts from her Letters—Removal to Camden.

The mental efforts of Miss Cushing were too much for her physical strength. The assertion we often find in her journal, 'that there was no rest for her spirit,' was literally true; her labor of soul was incessant; and her constitution, naturally delicate, failed under it. The day on which she penned the last extract in the preceding chapter, she found herself so ill, that she deemed it imprudent to remain longer alone; and repaired to the house of her brother, where she was for some time confined by sickness. But though confined to her bed, her mind was still active. At one time, absorbed in heavenly contemplations; at another, mourning over the desolations of Zion—the sins of God's people; and at another, struggling with inward conflicts, which almost overpowered her. We have never known one, to whom the following sentiment, expressed concerning another, would more justly apply, than to her. Her mind was like a powerful steam engine in a frail and broken vessel, crowded with terrible and self-destructive speed, through an ocean of stormy waves. Her journal continues:

"July 28. This holy Sabbath morning finds me failing; but all is fearless and tranquil within. I welcome the sick-bed, if it be thy will, dear Savior, without one opposing thought. Oh, why are my friends so troubled? In sickness and in health, I am thine; thou art my hope, and I am safe in thy hand. Will not the Judge of all the earth do right?

"July 29. Truly, God has smitten me; his hand is heavy upon me! I cannot ask him to remove it. It is physical as well as mental suffering that I need. Myself, physician, and medicines, are all in his hand. Would praise him for the kind directions of his providence; all is provided for me that I need. I owe him gratitude forever.

"July 30. My physician pronounces the disease fixed upon me. I cannot wish it otherwise; all I can desire is, that God may be glorified. Submission to what he appoints is better to me than all else. May I drink all my bitter draughts as the Savior did, that those around me may take knowledge of me that I have learned of him.

"May God be glorified, and I ask no more. Sufferings I do not fear; I only fear to dishonor the Savior, by falsely representing him.

"August 3. The Lord is merciful — he gives me now and then a moment's rest, and bids me recline my weary head upon his bosom."

The above, was probably the last entry she made in her journal during her illness. We shall now give extracts from fifteen pages without date, between

August 3 and Sept. 3, written probably from recollection:

"Is my Father about to call me home? I think not. This sickness is not unto death. Oh, may it be for his glory. Love to talk of Christ to my many visitors — to show forth his praise, though it cost all my strength. Though I am called away from my business, though pecuniary interests are sacrificed, yet all is well; for the Lord hath done it. I would trust myself, and all dear to me, in his hand, and only ask for strength to endure all his pleasure. What is this poor body, when assailed by disease? Well may I say to corruption, 'Thou art my father; to the worm, thou art my mother, and my sister.'

"Would be humble in view of the tender mercy of my Savior toward me, in granting me a little ease. Like as a father pitieth his child that suffers, so the Lord pitieth me, though so unworthy. He sees my weakened body, he knows the pains I feel, and will not afflict beyond what I am able to bear. He knows my fainting spirit also, and prevents too deep thought, by bearing away subjects that require it. He knows the balm I need, and grants it. How peaceful to lie here on a sick bed, and view his smiling face! He seems like some kind friend sitting by me, to shield me from all exciting subjects. 'He knoweth our frame; he remembereth that we are dust.'

"But the scene is changed! O my great Shepherd! the church, the sheep of thy pasture come up before me; how mournful their appearance! How painful to my heart! I see thy cause neglected;

thy professed followers following the world more than thee; wandering in strange paths; suffering for their ignorance and folly. 'Turn ye, turn ye, for why will ye die, O house of Israel?'

"I see the servants of God, too, whom he has chosen to proclaim his truth, but earthen vessels, subject to the same unholy passions as others. O my Father! take thy ministers near thyself; make them to bear more of the image of Christ; pardon all their offences; and may they be perfect as their Father in heaven is perfect.

"In the world, must suffer tribulation; have looked forward to a day of rest on earth, but I now see my folly. I see, as never before, that in heaven only, the wicked cease from troubling and the weary are at rest. It is not on earth. No, it is not here, but hereafter.

'There are mansions exempted from sin and from woe,
But they stand in a region by mortals untrod;
There are rivers of pleasure, but they flow not below;
There is peace, but it dwells in the presence of God.'

"My sufferings, who can know or feel them? They pain the soul, and wreck the body. Oh, I fear this frail house will fall; that it will not sustain the waves that dash against it. The temptations that beset me, by way of argument against the wisdom and goodness of God, are almost too strong to withstand. My strength is wasted; this clayey house seems almost dissolving. The Savior's face is hid from me; he is gone away. Oh, those awful mockings of Satan! Hear him saying, 'Where is your God you have loved so well, and have served

so long? Where is his love and care for you? What is your reward for all your willingness to suffer for him? In your extreme weakness and distress, when you most need his aid, you are forsaken; you have no friend nor helper. The Being in whom you have so long confided, has left no trace of his love or care toward you. You are given into my hands; you cannot pray, he has taken away your prayer. Oh, why will you love him longer, why follow him more? Count him no longer your friend, but your foe.'

"Oh, will not heart and flesh fail! Can I endure this awful conflict? Oh, could I call upon God! if he were near to sustain me! but he has hid his face from me. Why, in such an extremity, has he done it?

"But I will look once more toward his holy temple; and what do I see? That All-seeing Eye! it is fixed upon me! Oh, I am not forsaken; my Father's care is over me; he is watching me, as the refiner watches the choicest metal, while under the refining process. The latter does not leave the ore to the mercy of the fire, but when it is made pure from dross, he takes it away, and moulds it into whatever form he pleases. So my heavenly Father sits 'as a refiner and purifier of silver;' and only designs

'The dross to consume, the gold to refine.'

"It is of the Lord's mercy that I have not been consumed. He has never been so near, as when I thought him the most distant; his love and

care have never been so great, as when the furnace was the most heated. Oh, the love of God, it passeth knowledge! Why am I, who am so unworthy, the object of such love and care?

"Day after day passes away, with thy hand heavy upon me; great weariness is appointed me. Am too weak to record thy dealings toward me, but when I shall have recovered, thou wilt bring all these things to my 'remembrance.'

"Oh this painful darkness! my heart is sinking. Teach me the way I should go. But let me listen to the words so sweetly telling, 'I am the way, the truth, and the life.' Dear Savior, may I be ready to follow thee; if thou callest me away from all I love, strengthen me to obey, for I cannot go in my own strength; poor human nature will sink, unless the Almighty assist it. Oh, I fear my spirit will faint and die! If it be possible, mingle one drop of pleasure in the portion of my cup. But if I love thee, shall unhesitatingly acquiesce, shouldst thou withhold it; and shall breathe out, as thou didst, 'Not my will, but thine be done.' Alas! this ardent temperament, these living attachments! why may they not die? O God, regard this sensitive spirit, lest it faint.

"Have been recently contemplating a new object; this tabernacle I live in. Must I one day leave it? It has sheltered my spirit many years. These hands which have performed so many offices for my comfort; must they be laid away in the cold grave, to be eaten of worms? Oh, must I be separated from the home of my spirit, so constant to obey all the

volitions of my will; this house, so fearfully and wonderfully made, and which I have loved so well; must it be laid away from the sight of all living? Yes; for 'flesh and blood cannot inherit the kingdom of God.' Dust it is, and unto dust it must return.

"But oh, that glorious era before me, when 'this mortal shall put on immortality!' This body, so dear to me, shall be raised again; not as now, weakened by distress, but like unto Christ's glorious body. Happy day, when this spirit shall be reünited to it, then separated from all that sickens or defiles. How elevating the prospect! How full of blessedness the Christian's hope! All possess hope; yet to how few is it 'an anchor to the soul, both sure and steadfast.' The poor impenitent soul has a hope, but that hope is like the spider's web; and what will he do, when even this is taken away?

"O my Father, these days of pain are days of prayer. I lie helpless upon thine arm; in all my sufferings thou art near, though when pain distracts me, I lose sight of thy face.

"Then, oh, then, my pain is painful, my cup is bitter. But that which thou givest me I will drink, thy grace assisting me.

"Sept. 3. Through the goodness of God, am once more permitted to visit dear friends.

"Sept. 15. Permitted to attend the church conference. A dear sister offered herself for baptism and church membership. Truly, God is good.

"Sept. 16. Once more permitted to enjoy the privileges of the sanctuary; to come around the

table of the Lord. Oh, this dear fold of Christ! Will they go away and forget this holy ordinance? forget their Savior's love, and follow the world in its prohibited courses? Oh, may they live more watchfully and prayerfully; and testify of him in their intercourse with the world."

Miss Cushing's health was but partially restored, and many of her friends were desirous that she should leave her business, use moderate exercise, and abstain as much as possible from mental effort. The solicitude of her friends, together with her own ill health, probably induced her to lay aside her pen; for we find no entry in her journal after the above extract, till the next June. She was for some months undecided with regard to going to Camden. She observed to a friend, that she did not think C. would be her permanent home; still she thought it might be her duty to accept the invitation of her aunt, and take up, at least, a temporary residence with her. The following extract of a letter written to her youngest sister, then residing in Camden, will show something of her views relative to this subject.

BLOOMFIELD, Dec. 20, 1839.

"DEAR SISTER:—I have for some time been anxiously waiting to hear from you and friends in C., particularly aunt H., and to know how and where she is, and who is with her. My health is not good, and I have concluded to sell my goods, and close

shop-keeping. My physician and others advise me to do it, for the sake of my health. This step, Sari, is no hasty one; it has been long considered. More pleasure I never expect, than I have enjoyed in this, my own little home; but I am now sensible that my health is not equal to this pressure of care, and that I must close my business, and leave my shop.

"I think the indications of Providence are plain; if I am mistaken, I hope to be corrected. I have thought much of aunt, and her request; am partly convinced that it may be my duty to spend the winter with her, if she desires it. The exercise I should have there, would, I think, be beneficial to my health. I have not yet determined where to go, or what to do; am waiting for more light. If I go there, it will be to gratify aunt, to take care of her, in her sick and lonely hours. I wait to hear from you both; write plainly, and tell me just what you think. I know if I go to C., trials will await me, and where can I be on earth where they will not?

"Be assured it is not ease I seek, but the path of duty. I submit it to God, and my friends; if he, through their instrumentality, direct me to Camden, I go."

It will be seen by the reader, that her removal to Camden took place several months later than she had anticipated. In April, her pastor resigned his office, and left Bloomfield. An extract of a letter received by the compiler from her the following June, will now be given.

"BLOOMFIELD, June 10, 1840.

"MY DEAR MRS. D.: * * * * You are doubtless wishing to know the state of things here; I will endeavor to tell you something of our feelings; your husband will inform you of our pulpit supplies. Our conference meetings have been well attended, and an unusual degree of union has characterized them. But there is deep grief both in the church and society.

"All is changed with us! I say all; no, I mean many things are all changed. We do not feel that God has forsaken us. We have a regular female prayer meeting; some of our sisters are revived. There is a hope existing in many hearts, that Mr. D. will return; will this hope be realized? * I am about leaving; but the church will be borne on my heart. I am just as anxious for a servant of God to be sent here, as though I expected to remain; your return is to me as desirable, if it be the Divine will. Oh, may no consideration move you to come, or go elsewhere, but such as God will approve.

"To-morrow morning, I leave for Camden. It is not without much feeling. My business is about closed. The kind assistance of God in this matter, is to me wonderful; never have I so much realized his supporting hand.

"Have been the subject of great heaviness for many reasons; but out of it all the Lord has delivered me. In some respects, my feelings are of a

* He did return, by the request of the church, after an absence of a few months.

new character; never have I felt such a withdrawal of my affections from the objects I have loved, as within the last few days. I desire to be dead to all that draws my heart from God; and now feel that some strong ties have been broken; and my wish is to do his will, however great the sacrifice. Emotions have followed, oh, how elevating!

"Yours, with much regard,

"D. H. CUSHING."

The same month we find in her diary the following entry:

"June, 1840. Providence seems directing me to Camden. I go, my Father, not knowing the things that will befall me there; but whatever they may be, I go to meet them, trusting in thee."

CHAPTER XVII.

Extracts from Letters—Conversion of her Sabbath School Class—Death of her Sister—Return to Bloomfield—Communication from a Friend in Camden.

We have often heard the remark concerning Dr. Payson, "that he could not live out of a revival." We have thought Miss Cushing could not live, and be happy, unless conscious she was doing all in her power to promote the cause of her Redeemer. After her removal to Camden, we still find her desirous of a situation where her time would be moré exclusively devoted to this object. In her diary, under date, Nov., 1840, we find the following:

"Called to superintend household matters, all unsuited to the higher feelings of my soul. Yet whatever Providence appoints, that I will endeavor to perform, however great the sacrifice. But one thing I will plead for, a heart suited to my work. If it is the will of my heavenly Father to employ me thus, oh for a contented mind. I long for that employment that will benefit the undying spirit. Could almost wish for a mind without desire, without this tending upward, rather than to labor thus, for things that are denied; like some encaged bird, seeking to soar away to fairer and higher regions,

and flying from side to side of its little prison, till its wings have become weary and drooping.

"O my Father! again I plead with thee, that if this be the place thou hast marked out for me, and this the work thou hast given me to do, thou wouldst reconcile me to thy will. Let me feel thy approbation, and I ask no more."

The following was addressed to the compiler in Sept., 1840:

"CAMDEN.

"MY DEAR MRS. D.:—A few months since, and I was at Bloomfield, in your chamber, with yourself and husband; but that pleasant chamber and fireside will probably witness no more our social interviews—our meetings and partings.

"Very often I think of you, and imagine myself with you. I think of the separation that has taken place, between the church and Mr. D., once so unthought of. I wonder and mourn, and ask the reason why; and more than once, have calmly submitted it to him, whose ways are not as ours. * * * I heard by Mr. F., that Mr. D. had not returned to B.; also that that dear people were without a pastor. I grieve on their account. * * * * I am far from them, but this makes no difference in the interest I take in their welfare. I am convinced that it was the hand of my heavenly Father that directed me away. Think I can say, 'Thus far the Lord has led me on;' but where he will in future lead me, I cannot tell; I wait to be shown more of his

holy will. I look upon no spot of earth as my home. The past summer has been a profitable one. I trust my affections are more weaned from earthly things, and are directed more strongly to those that are heavenly. Think I have been enabled more fully to understand what is my own selfish will, and what is God's; to pay less attention to the former, and watch more attentively the latter; and my only comfort is in denying the one, and striving to follow the other.

"My health, for a few weeks past, has been quite good. I have no time for idleness, and I do not wish it. The labor of this, and the coming world, engage both my heart and hand. When I look around, and see the need of faithful laborers, I mourn my unfitness to engage in the great work of leading the lost and blind, to Christ. * * * * I am not without enjoyment at the mercy-seat. There, and there only, I rest from burdens, from cares and sorrows; there, and there alone, I find a hand that can wipe all tears from my eyes. * * * * *

"Yours, in fond recollections,

"D. H. CUSHING."

To a friend in Bath.

"CAMDEN, Jan. 6, 1841.

"MY DEAR FRIEND:—I fancy you have thought me unmindful of your urgent request, and very ungrateful for your kind letter. But be assured that want of opportunity has been the only cause of this apparent neglect. I now have the care of a family consisting of four or five, which requires a great part

of my attention. To a heart like yours, ready to forgive, I think this will be a sufficient reason for my long silence. * * * *

"You say, 'I long to be wholly consecrated to God, to be used in his service as he sees fit.' Have you, my dear girl, thought how much this implied? Our blessed Lord said to his disciples, in answer to their petition, 'Can ye drink the cup that I drink of? and be baptized with the baptism that I am baptized with?' Have you realized where you may be, and what you may have to suffer, in order that God's will may be done by you? We do not always enjoy the same degree of happiness in receiving an answer to prayer, as we experience in offering the prayer itself. And yet we may do the will of God by suffering the trials sent in answer to prayer, as perfectly as when we pray with pleasure and power.

"Oh, my deceptive heart! how often have I prayed thus, my whole soul absorbed in the prayer, and have thought I could say with the poet,

'I love my God with zeal so great
That I could give him all.'

"At such times, I have vainly supposed that I should realize as much happiness in the answer, as I did in making the request; but when the answer came, it was in such a way

'As almost drove me to despair!'

"But I would not measure your prayers, or your heart, by mine. * * Go on, dear A.; seek to know and do the will of God, regardless of ease or pleasure, profit or praise, and all necessary good will

be granted you. * * * May your sickness result in your entire conformity to the blessed Savior.

"To-morrow the female prayer-meeting meets with me; should be gratified to see your face, and have your prayer go up with ours to the mercy-seat.

"It is nearly ten o'clock, and I must bid you good night. By and by, we shall be where there is no night. Blissful thought!

"Yours, with Christian love,

"D. H. CUSHING."

In February, 1841, Miss Cushing visited her friends in Bloomfield. Soon after her return to C., we received a letter from her, giving some account of her feelings during that visit. It evinces her strong attachment to her friends, and her trials, lest she loved them unduly.

"CAMDEN, March 7, 1841.

"MY DEAR MRS. D.:—No sooner had I commenced my journey home than I remembered your last request, and, in thought, began to write to you; and now permit me to give you a simple relation of my feelings while at B. When I left this place for B., I did so with very little anticipation of enjoyment; but that did not lessen my desire to visit my beloved friends. Felt that there was *One* that could strengthen my weakness, and on him I depended. When I met them it was a moment of pleasure, more than I anticipated; but it soon passed away, to give place to thoughts of separation accompanied with feelings of a sober nature, such as would admit of nei-

ther smiles nor tears. I feared that my friends would count me cold and indifferent, particularly yourself. But it was the strong affections of my heart, that caused this appearance. Meeting with yourself and others, called them all up, with new warmth, and I knew they were strengthening only to increase my sufferings. Sometimes felt that I could give you all up, when almost immediately found myself, by some new consideration, the more attached. I begged to become more dead to earthly ties, fearing that I was an offence to God. * * * The last Sabbath I passed at B. was one not easily forgotten. Mr. D.'s sermon in the morning was appropriate to my case; it seemed directed to me; that my character was just that unchristian one his sermon described; unqualified, as the grace of God teaches, to bear the sorrows of life. The afternoon was a season when I trust some true desires ascended to God for the aid of his Spirit to purify my heart, and teach me his holy will.

"Sabbath evening, returned to my dear mother's; soon retired, with feelings not to be described. Could only say, Oh, how comfortless! I could not weep! Thought, perhaps I have looked for the last time upon those with whom I have taken such sweet counsel; and perhaps for the last time have heard that voice so full of instruction to me; and perhaps for the last time I am resting my head by the side of my dear mother's, and shall no more visit the paternal roof. All these thoughts pressed heavily upon my spirit. I strove to die to all these considerations, and drink the cup presented me with not even

one frown; to be happy only in doing my heavenly Father's will. In the morning, was enabled to give all up into his hands, and was comforted." * * *

To a friend in Bath.

"CAMDEN, June 23, 1841.

"DEAR SISTER A.:—How do you do? Have you felt yourself quite forgotten by me? If so, think so no more. No, no; you are not forgotten; I sit by you every day, in imagination, and nothing is wanting, save an opportunity, to induce me to write every month. * * * *

"Your letter now before me, is one of interest. I learn from it your entire dissatisfaction with yourself. Do not, dear sister, despair in view of your own heart, while Jesus Christ is a mediator. You have great reason to hope, when a view of your unlikeness to God creates sorrow; when it is sin itself, the depravity of your heart, rather than its consequence, that troubles you. Take encouragement then, and plead that Christ may dwell in you, the hope of glory. Do not look into your own heart for goodness; but plead for the influence of the Holy Spirit, and that will produce the goodness you desire. When the divine influence is gone, the disposition of the heart shows itself, which causes grief; here is the warfare. Now, dear A., when you feel all these evils, do not despair; but pray for the Spirit to return to your heart. * * * Oh, let us, when we feel that all is evil and hateful within, apply immediately to Christ for the influences of his Spirit. This is well-pleasing in his sight.

"We rob God when we go to our own hearts for righteousness and truth; and yet we sit down and mourn when we do not find them there. Did we possess righteousness ourselves, we should not need the righteousness of Christ. * * * *

"*The Lord our righteousness;*" this morning, how plain, how beautiful these words appear. Oh let us, rather than become disheartened in view of what we are, glory in our infirmities, that Christ's own power may rest upon us; that God may have all the glory.

"You wish for a relation of some of my experience; can give you but a faint idea of it. I see more and more my fallen state—the depths of sin—its blinding, deceiving nature—its direct opposition to holiness. I have looked for goodness in my heart and life, for something to comfort me in my trials, but the more I have labored to find it there, the more sad I have felt; until a sort of despair has seized me. Have been the subject of severe trials and temptations, but have fled to the gospel for relief. How consoling! 'In me is thy help.' 'From me, is thy fruit found.' * * * * * *

"I remain, your sister in Christ,

"D. H. CUSHING."

To the Compiler.

"CAMDEN, July 1, 1841.

"MY DEAR MRS. D.:—Please accept a line or two in return for your kind, your faithful letter. I am aware of my peculiar temperament; may it never be so much mingled with my prayers and other du-

ties as in times past. I thing I have, for many weeks, realized more and more the answer to prayer in this particular. Never have I had such humbling views of my own ways and works, respecting both heart and life, as within a few months.

"Have been prone to look to my life for something, from which to derive peace; but it only produced a species of despair. It was a dark picture to me; and I think it must be the same to all who have been intimately acquainted with me. Trust I have been led to take a firmer hold of that righteousness in which I hope to be clothed. Have had clearer and more distinct views of the sinner's acceptance with the Father, through his Son. * * 'The Lord our righteousness,' is a passage peculiarly appropriate and precious to my poor, sinful heart. Have recently had a desire to depart and be with Christ, where I could worship him without this miserable heart of unbelief, and these sins of all descriptions—pride, a very prominent one, showing itself in various forms; but have felt that for purposes unknown to me, it was needful to remain here yet longer."

To Miss * * *, of B.

"CAMDEN, Oct. 1, 1841.

"MY DEAR * * *:—Accept my hearty thanks for your kind letter. I was gratified to know you had not forgotten me; and especially that you had taken upon yourself the trouble to write to one so unworthy of your affectionate recollection. You seemed to apprehend the pleasure it would give me,

to receive a pledge of your continued love. Thank you for such a kind apprehension; am happy to return the same token of affection.

"In reading your letter, I was constrained to exclaim, Oh, the susceptibilities of the human heart! We can, I doubt not, sympathize in many particulars. To separations, I have been most keenly alive. My affections have seemed to catch hold of loved ones with new force and strength, as I have turned to leave them. Have sometimes asked, why are we permitted to form such friendships — to be bound by such strong ties, if they must be sundered? and I think I have seen the 'must needs be,' of just such a trial as this; just such a process of suffering as these separations occasion. Ardent and sanguine temperaments need tempering, oh, how much!

"I pity the heart that so suffers. I cannot tell you the severer parts of my Christian experience. Will only say to you, what I sometimes say to my heavenly Father, when he lays his correcting hand upon me: 'Oh, this painful process! this fiery trial!' Sometimes, with a subdued spirit, and ardent love, can look up to God and say, 'The cup thou hast given me, shall I not drink it?' Can bless him for leading me into the fire — and out of it, too; for the latter he always does, and then condescends to show me his smiling face. * * * * *

"He seems sometimes to say, 'Let not your heart be troubled;' for 'whom the Lord loveth he chasteneth.' As fire is to dross, so is chastisement, if sanctified, to the heart of the Christian. * * *

"Let us then 'be patient in tribulation;' and the

kind of trial which is needful; submit to the wisdom of our heavenly Father. * * * *

"I have a class of ten scholars in the Sabbath School; one is a colored woman, perhaps more than thirty years old. I do enjoy explaining the precious Bible to her and others. Cannot ask, with such freedom, that my efforts may be blessed, as that God would make his own word the instrument of their conversion. * * * *

"D. H. CUSHING."

The class to which she referred, became to her one of deep interest. The colored woman was brought into the School, we believe, by her own effort. We find the following in her diary, without date.

"My Sabbath School class appears a little field which God has given me to cultivate; one colored adult, I trust, is already awakened. Oh, will the Lord give me my class, as a seal of my favor with him? will he bless his own word, to their conversion? May they receive his truth.

"March, 1842. The adult mentioned above is convicted of sin—one whom I have been hoping and expecting to see converted to God. She now begs my prayers for her; wishes me to go with her to some retired spot, and there plead that God would have mercy upon her."

Speaking of this individual, in a letter to her sister, she says, "She is the only colored person here. I felt my abolition principles operate, and persuaded

her to come to the Sabbath School; she could only read by studying her words, but she appeared to enter into the spirit of them; and I could but believe that God was preparing her heart to receive the truth in the love of it. * * She now gives good evidence that she has indeed been taught of God."

Her journal continues:

"There are several of the class who appear anxious, and ask for my prayers; can only commit their case to God.

"How solemn and interesting, to see such a company of children on their knees before God, weeping for sin, and pleading for mercy! Trust the Savior was present to inspire the heart to feel and pray for them. At the close of the meeting they gathered round me, saying, 'Pray for me, do pray for me.' This is the Lord's doing, and marvelous in my eyes.

"God is blessing his own truth, and leading my scholars to himself. The colored woman is rejoicing in hope.

"April. Eight of my class are enjoying hope in God. Truly, the Lord has heard prayer, and put a new song into their mouths, even praise to himself. We meet together for prayer; and others of the dear youth come in, and bow the knee to God. Oh, may their hearts correspond with this humble posture. Never have I witnessed such intercession of the Spirit, as in these children; from seven to ten prayers are offered before we rise. Sometimes between twenty and thirty of the dear children and youth

compose our meeting, and God does assist me to tell them his truth. Oh, may he teach me how to apportion his own word to their understandings, and may it make them wise unto salvation. Wilt thou not, heavenly Parent, hear the humble cries of these dear children, for their associates, who so constantly meet with them, and listen to their prayers?

"Will the Lord remember mercy for this place, and bless the means now in use for the good of souls? Oh may his children take the place of humble suppliants at his throne, for the general descent of the Holy Spirit. Is not the Savior waiting to be gracious? Almost lose my relish for temporal food; for I have meat to eat that the world knows not of.

"April 15. To-day, witnessed the baptism, and admission into the church, of six of my class. The Savior seemed to come even to the water-side, and take them as they lay so heavily on my heart, and bear them on his bosom; while he sustained my anxious spirit by his own blessed hand. After the services of the sanctuary, came around the table of the Lord. Blessed day! What has God wrought! Was this the 'must needs be' for my coming to C., that I should be made instrumental of bringing this little company to the church? 'Bless the Lord, O my soul, and all that is within me, bless his holy name.'

"April 16. Met again for prayer. The Savior was in our midst, clothing his own word with power, and giving to the young disciples a spirit of prayer for their associates. The meeting was one of deep interest, made so not only by fervent prayer,

but by the solemn countenances of those without hope. Oh, the importance of wisely dispensing truth to the tender heart.

"Some who had no hope, had knelt during pray-prayer, but they were now told that we could not ask them to kneel, unless they felt the importance of humbling themselves, as it was a very solemn act. They heeded the caution and did not kneel. It was a season of deep solemnity; prayer went up to God from full hearts; ten or twelve were offered ere we rose. After this it was observed, that if any felt their need of an interest in Christ, and were willing to humble themselves at his feet, they were affectionately invited to kneel. To our surprise, all, except two or three, immediately knelt. At the close of the meeting they seemed to linger for further conversation, and wept aloud. How blessed thus to lead the inquiring mind to Christ! The Lord has heard prayer, and found a work for me to do; a work arduous, yet how delightful!"

A sister of Miss Cushing, residing with an uncle in Camden, had, for several months, been declining, and was, in Jan., 1842, removed to her aunt Hathaway's, and consigned to the care of Miss C. In the following letter addressed to her mother, Miss C. refers to this sister:

* * * "Have not time to say much, only that we are all in the hands of an infinitely wise God, who will do all things well. Sari seems composed, and ready to die; Frances will give you the information you wish. I may go to Bloomfield this fall; my way in the future is hidden, but a merciful hand

I trust will mark it out before me; and though it be thorny, which we are to expect, our heavenly Father will now and then scatter blessings to comfort. Do not be too anxious about us; I hope to discharge my duty to Sari while she lives; my anxiety and care cease not by day or by night. Pray that I may leave nothing undone that is my duty to do; and try to feel at ease yourselves, about us. God will provide for all our wants; but he will do it in his own way; and let us strive to be submissive to that way." * * *

To a friend in Bath.

"CAMDEN, Aug. 16, 1842.

* * "Many things, dear A., press heavily upon me, to prevent my attending as I could wish to the letters of my friends. My sister is still with us, and is very low; we think she can continue but a short time. You know the anxiety of a sister's heart, and I need say no more.

"I often go to Bath in my imagination, hear a relation of your joys and sorrows, and see you advancing onward in the divine life, enriched by blessings and trials; a branch purged, that you 'may bring forth more fruit.' I see you now, one among a praying circle, and that circle your own dear family. I trust you are humble under the kind hand of your heavenly Father, and are often looking up to him, and asking, 'What wilt thou have me do?' What so deserving our first and best thoughts as the cause of Christ? To me, at times, it is all for which I wish to live. I have seen it

prosper to my great satisfaction among the youth. Eight of one Sabbath School class, have indulged hope, been baptized, and united with the church, and thus far appear well. We have a prayer-meeting once a week, of that class; their teacher meets with them; and above all, the Savior manifests his gracious presence. Never have I witnessed such emotions of soul as in these dear youth. They are about forming a Juvenile Missionary Society.

"Oh, dear A., the harvest is great and laborers few; pray the Lord of the harvest that he will send forth laborers, that souls may be gathered into the garner of our heavenly Father. * * * * *

"Pray for your friend,

"D. H. CUSHING."

In the same month, she writes in her journal:

"Cares and labors press upon me; help called away; but God can strengthen; and how kind his aid in this time of need. He does not leave me alone, his precious promises sustain my sinking heart.

"My sister is not far from eternity; but I would bless thee, heavenly Parent, for the evidence she gives of thy presence. Surely thou hast heard prayer. Though sleep has departed from this wearied body, and I mourn the approach of death to my loved sister, yet my song of praise is still unto thee.

"Aug. 25. My sister has gone; my soul mourns her absence; it reaches after her; but my Father, and her Father, has called her from me, and she is

soon to be laid away out of my sight. Oh! will he not support me, when I shall look upon her for the last time? when I shall follow her to the grave? Will he not be with me at that solemn moment, when the earth shall cover her loved remains?

"Aug. 27. The hour of burial has arived. The religion of Christ is tested anew! I cannot mourn; I can only rejoice in God my Savior!"

How strikingly manifest is the goodness of our heavenly Father, in the support sometimes vouchsafed to the Christian in seasons of deep affliction. How often do they find the promise verified, "When thou passest through the waters, I will be with thee; and through the rivers, they shall not overflow thee." To a person of Miss Cushing's sensibility, the death of an interesting and beloved sister must have been peculiarly painful; yet we see her at an hour so trying to the bereaved, raised above herself, and exclaiming, "*I cannot mourn; I can only rejoice in God my Savior!*" A stranger to the consolations of the gospel, may attribute this to indifference; yet in a later date, when divine support was in some measure withdrawn, we find her "in an excess of sorrow." The following extract evinces that she deeply felt the loss she had sustained. It is dated,

"Aug. 30, 1842.

"DEAR BROTHER AND SISTER:—You have heard of the death of our dear sister; she has gone, I trust, to rest. She gave me pleasing evidence that she was prepared to go. To the question, whether she

had more confidence in the safety of her state, than when she was first taken sick; she answered, Yes. I asked her if she feared death; she said, No. If she felt that she was going to God and heaven; she answered, Yes. Just before her death; she wished me to sit by her, and said, Don't weep. I then asked her if she was willing and ready to die, and if she felt that God would take her to himself. She replied, Yes. She seemed to suffer but little, and died without a struggle or a groan.

"But she has gone, and my feelings I cannot describe. Oh, the vacancy! This room; her calls for me; her vacant bed—are all before me, and call up recollections, oh, how heart-rending! Truly, I knew not the strength of my love, the ties that bound her to my heart, until they were severed. * * *

"But it is God that has taked her from me, and though my affliction is great, yet he has mingled mercy in this cup of woe. And now I think my work is done here, and I will gladly go, and spend some time with my only remaining sister; I deem it my duty to endeavor to administer to the comfort of herself and children." * * *

The day after the funeral of her sister, we find the following entry in her diary:

"Sabbath. Services of the sanctuary conducted by Charles G. Porter. Sermons solemn and impressive."

Under date of Sept. 20, she says, in reference to

a proposal of marriage received from him who became her husband:

"Thou art showing me thy will, heavenly Parent, in a disposal of myself. I would bless thy name that I am not my own, but thine. If the hand which is offered be one of thine own selection, thy will be done."

Three days after the above date, she left Camden, and returned to her friends in Bloomfield. It may not be out of place, to introduce here an extract from a communication received from a friend in Camden. It illustrates the estimation in which she was held in that community.

"CAMDEN, Oct. 23, 1847.

"Our deceased friend, Mrs. Porter, having for some time been a resident in this place, we feel called upon to add, with others, our testimony to her religious character. We do it, not to eulogize the dead; but that her Christian life may be kept in remembrance by her friends, and they be led to follow her example, in being found living witnesses for Christ.

"By her amiability of character, and loveliness of disposition, she wound the silken cord of earthly attachment firmly around the hearts of many. But in the church she has her brightest record. Although decided in her religious sentiments, yet so affable and kind was she to all who bore the image of Christ, that she was beloved by Christians of every name. She possessed a truly benevolent spirit,

encircling in its kind offices, not only her relations and acquaintances, but the family of man.

"To promote the salvation of sinners, and the good of mankind, was the commanding object of her heart, and the poor, the unfortunate, and degraded, shared largely in her sympathies and prayers.

"She was called, while with us, to part with a dear sister; and how strikingly manifest was her sisterly affection! With what tender solicitude did she watch by the sick bed of that sister! And when the tie that bound them together was severed by death, with what holy resignation did she submit to the will of her heavenly Father! Far removed was hers, from that seeming resignation caused by a spirit too inert to feel." * * *

CHAPTER XVIII.

Her Marriage—Removal to Frankfort—Interesting Revival—Extracts from Letters—Mr. P. invited to Bangor—Communication from a Friend in Frankfort—Revival in Bangor—Letters—Illness and Death—Extract from Funeral Sermon.

THE fond hopes which had been cherished in many hearts, that Miss Cushing would again take up her residence in Bloomfield, were not to be realized. Providence had intended her for another sphere of usefulness. After spending three months with her friends in B., she gave her hand in marriage to the Rev. CHARLES G. PORTER. A few days previous to this event, she made in her journal the following entry:

"Am soon to enter upon new duties. Blessed Jesus! without thee, I can do nothing. Oh, remember me in mercy. Is it not a way marked out for me, by thine own hand, and wilt thou not provide for every want? I ask not for riches or honor, or long life, but for a preparation for that important and responsible place thou art appointing me."

Her journal continues:

"Dec. 29. This evening, the greatest step of human life is to be taken: O God! remember and

bless us. Prepare us by thy grace to promote thy cause on the earth, and for all thy holy will.

"Jan. 5, 1843. On our journey to Frankfort. Have left my dear friends to go among strangers. Am to be as a mark for the arrow; and oh, how insufficient! Lord Jesus! go with me, and strengthen me with every needful grace.

"FRANKFORT, Jan. 7. The Lord has, I believe, directed us to this place, and prepared the way for the labors of my husband with this little church, only fourteen in number.

"To-day, the little flock met at our boarding-house for conference. They appeared to be united in their desires for a revival of religion; for the conversion of sinners; and may we not expect the Lord to pour us out a blessing, while the church stand pleading and waiting at the altar? Is he not holding out the sceptre of mercy to us? And is there not now a sound of an abundance of rain? And has he not chosen his servant to gather in a harvest of precious souls in this place? Yes, I must believe it.

"Jan. 8. To-day, three have professed Christ, by baptism, and joined the church. May the little one become a thousand.

"Jan., 2nd week. The Lord is indeed in this place; sinners tremble under the dispensation of truth. Some are inquiring what they shall do to be saved, and soliciting the prayers of Christians. After meeting, one young lady repaired with others to our room, and fell upon her knees, while prayer was offered for her; she seemed as though she

could not rise, until God had had mercy upon her. The church are indeed wrestling with God in prayer for the conversion of sinners.

"Jan., 3rd week. Prayer-meeting every afternoon, and lecture every evening. Crowded assemblies; many rise for prayer. A little company of misses came to my room, that prayer might be offered in their behalf; they seemed willing to bow the knee, but do they feel sufficiently humbled? O Lord, help them to press into the kingdom of heaven. May the cloud of mercy break upon sinners, that there may be a great turning to the Lord.

"Jan., 4th week. The cloud of mercy seems to break; sinners are prepared to praise the Lord for his goodness. May God carry on his work.

"Feb., 1st week. Meetings every afternoon and evening. Some are rejoicing, and others mourning for sin. Thirteen baptized.

"Feb., 2nd week. Confined to my room, by indisposition. Does not the Lord see that I need this affliction? Dare not ask for recovery, for fear it may not be his will. But though thus confined, can still pray for sinners, that God would continue to pour out his Spirit.

"Feb., 3rd week. Still confined from our place of worship. But some dear youths, who are without hope, assemble in my room for prayer. How blessed to lead the inquiring soul to Jesus.

"Feb. 26. The Lord still continues to pour out his Spirit; two more baptized."

The following extract from a letter to her sister, written about this time, will not be uninteresting:

"FRANKFORT, Nov. 10, 1843.

"DEAR SISTER:—* * * * * * This is a beautiful village, with a pleasant society, and we are experiencing a revival of religion; such an one as I never before witnessed. Mr. P. has preached almost every evening since we came here. All classes have shared in this work; Universalists, Unitarians, and I believe I am safe in saying, Infidels, and some who could not read, are now the humble followers of Christ. * * * The greatest solemnity and stillness attend every meeting. It is deeply interesting to hear little children speaking forth the praises of God, and telling what he has done for their souls. Old men, with little boys, in the same meeting, declare alike the blessedness of the religion of Christ. A number of little misses frequently come to our room for religious conversation and prayer.

"The sight of my eyes often affects my heart. We see those who have been the most gay and thoughtless, now weeping for sin, and willing to bow before God, while prayer is offered for them.

"Almost every meeting, we have new evidence of the power of God. The stout-hearted arise before a crowded assembly, and beg the prayers of Christians; those they once hated and shunned.

"You may ask what kind of preaching it is, that produces this effect? It is the plain, simple truth of the Bible, attended with divine power; it goes to the heart, and sinners cannot resist. Mr. Porter

frequently says to me, 'Well, I know not what I shall preach from this evening;' but when the hour arrives, his mouth seems to be filled with arguments, and the congregation appear as though they were hearing for eternity. They seem to say, by the silent tear and earnest look, 'What shall I do to be saved?' Between fifty and sixty have, we trust, been made the subjects of this revival. * *

"There is no probability of our leaving this place at present; we do not feel that we ought. It is a delightful field of labor, and a glorious harvest will, I doubt not, be gathered into the church. Our hands are full—and blessed be the name of God! Dear sister, his goodness to me and mine is wonderful. He does indeed bless the labors of my husband, and I would be humble in view of his great mercies." * * *

"March 12. Nine more baptized. Some seem almost persuaded to be Christians; but oh, how useless to be thus persuaded. As well might they have gone on thoughtless, as to come thus far, and no farther. May God have mercy upon them, and make them altogether Christians.

"March 20. The Lord be praised that he is still lending a listening ear to the cries of his people, and displaying his Almighty power in the conversion of sinners.

"March 26. Eight to-day followed their Savior in the ordinance of baptism. Oh, may God still have mercy upon sinners in this place; that they may not stand condemned and trembling when he shall come to judge the world. I would place my

soul in their souls' stead; and as I would plead for my own soul, so would I plead for them.

"April 2. The work still continues; eight more baptized. Parents and children go forward together in this solemn ordinance. How delightful to stand by the water, and witness the effects of the Divine influence. Forty have been added to the church by baptism, and six by letter. Well may we say, What hath God wrought!

"April —. Called on a poor Catholic; told her of Jesus, and commended her to God. Also called on a gay young lady; may the interview, so deeply interesting to myself, be blessed to her; and the truth, so precious to me, become precious to her."

The next entry we find in the journal of Mrs. Porter, is dated almost two years later than the above. To fill the chasm, and give the reader some idea of her history during this period, we shall insert portions of her letters to different correspondents.

"Frankfort, June 18, 1843.

"My Dear Mother:—How is your health, and that of all my brothers and sisters? I wish much to hear from you all. You have heard of the pleasing revival here; it has subsided, but a very good state of religious feeling still exists. We have prayer-meetings three times a week, besides our Sabbath meetings. The church now numbers sixty-four. As yet, they appear well. They sacrifice all but the mere comforts of life, to advance the interests of truth. * * *

"We feel happy in this field of labor, and only wish we were more competent to the great work. I have my mother's prayers, I doubt not. Being rather unwell, I am at home alone in my chamber; yet not alone—I trust God is here." * * *

To a friend in B——d.

"FRANKFORT, February, 1844.

"MY DEAR ***:—Just received your kind epistle by the hand of your brother. My babe is crying, and I have much company, yet I cannot let this opportunity pass, without writing to one so loved. I am glad to know you are so well; often think of you, and past hours; particularly the last I spent at your house. * * * You wished, my dear E., to be 'exhorted to duty,' and shall one like myself do it? No; I feel that I need counsel and instruction now, more than ever. I fear that, as a mother, I shall not do half as well as those I have condemned for mismanagement; and I know that in other respects, I do not fulfil the duties that devolve on me as I ought. I never realized my insufficiency as I now do. How much I need an instructor and counselor. Sometimes I can beg of my Father in heaven for wisdom profitable to direct. * * *

"I am as pleasantly situated as I can expect to be, in a world like this, both as to good society, and the comforts of life. But am doing little or nothing for him, whose I am, and whom I have promised to serve. My heart sinks within me, when I think of it. We have a female prayer-meeting every Thursday; as yet, have had no maternal meeting.

"You inquire about my little daughter; she is a round-faced babe, with a full blue eye—begins to be very interesting—laughs very cunningly, we think. Loves to hear her father sing; her little eye will gaze very intently upon him, while thus engaged. We call her Ann Judson, hoping that she will become a Christian, and partake of her spirit. But enough about myself and daughter." * * *

Mrs. Porter's only surviving sister had for sometime been in a declining state of health; and in the spring of 1844, her friends relinquished the hope of her recovery. The two following extracts are from letters addressed by Mrs. P. to the husband of her sister, after receiving the painful intelligence, accompanied by a request, that she should go to Bloomfield.

"FRANKFORT, April 6, 1844.

"DEAR BROTHER E.:—We did not receive brother's letter until to-day; it truly contains sad intelligence; and with a heavy heart, I sit down to notice your kind request. I am very anxious to see my dear sister, and nothing but sickness would prevent my going to B. Mr. Porter and the babe have both been sick, but we hope they are recovering. Should they do so, and some one will come for me, I will go to B., and spend a number of weeks. * * * I am deeply interested for you and the dear children; but I doubt not your loss will be great gain to my sister. * * * How is my dear mother? She is at your house, I presume. Give my warmest love to Ruth; tell her, should I never see her again

in this world, that we part only for a little while. We shall soon meet in heaven, where there will be no more death." * * *

"FRANKFORT, April 15, 1844.

"BROTHER E.:—I am anxious to hear from you. How is my sister? I have thought much of going to B., but good judges fear my babe would not survive the journey, while the traveling is so bad. * *

"We want to see you all very much, and hope to, ere long. Say to Ruth, I hope yet to see her in this world, and if there is anything that I can do for her comfort, or that of her family, to let me know it. Oh, that I could see her this morning, and talk with her concerning her hope, and the interests of her dear children. Oh, I do feel deeply for them. But our heavenly Father will take care of them, and you too, dear brother. * * *

"This may not find my dear sister an inhabitant of earth. I know not why I feel as I do, but I cannot mourn for her. It seems to me that she is going only a short journey, and but a little while before me; and that we shall soon again be united by ties dearer than those of earth—ties that will never be broken." * * *

To a Friend in Camden.

"FRANKFORT, August 4, 1844.

"DEAR SISTER F.:—* * * I hoped to see you in Frankfort ere this. Do you not intend making us a long visit? * * * Our meeting-house is dedicated, and I believe God accepted the offering.

He does condescend to meet with us by his Holy Spirit, when we assemble there for his worship. We are, as a church, in a low state, and experience trials with individual members. My prayer is, that it may be purified from branches that bear no fruit, and I believe it will be. Our prospects are as encouraging as they have been since the meetings were established, notwithstanding the above-mentioned trials.

"My greatest trial is my own heart. Am day after day condemned, and hardly dare ask for a blessing. Thought to-day if I was ever permitted to enter heaven, would be content with just entering, and sitting down in the lowest place, was so unworthy." * * *

To the wife of a Clergyman.

"FRANKFORT, January 14, 1845.

"MY DEAR MRS. S.:—By the request of your husband, whose society we have for a few days enjoyed, I sit down to write to you. Though strangers to each other, yet we profess the same faith, and hold similar relations. These, with other circumstances, prompt the desire on my part for an acquaintance with you. I do indeed need the wise counsels of a minister's wife, for I have just begun to know their joys and sorrows, and wish some one to guide me in the way of wisdom and usefulness.

"Allow me to talk of my own personal feelings, though it may savor of egotism. Viewing the responsibilities resting upon the wife of a minister of the gospel, I often wonder that I was ever permitted

to occupy that station. I frequently shrink at the thought of what I am; and wish to be placed behind some screen, that I might be concealed from human observation.

"Could I hide behind the Savior and keep him constantly before me, how safely could I mingle with those around me. * * * My calls at home and abroad serve to distract my mind and weaken my faith—so that I seldom have a present Savior.

"I desire to feel that I am his servant, have no right to myself; and would be given up entirely to his service, and run the race set before me with patience.

"I sometimes see the path in which I should run, and the prize at the end of the race. I ask not for riches, honor, or long life, but for wisdom to guide me in the discharge of the duties that devolve on me." * * *

Her diary commences again, under date of

"March 3, 1845. Almost two years have passed away without my recording one of the incidents of my life. Though I have felt it to be a duty, yet I have begged to be excused. Domestic cares have engrossed my time, and diverted my hand and heart from serving him whose I am. My duty to God has been neglected. Since I last wrote in my journal, I have buried my only sister."

The following entries are without date.

"Peculiar trials in the church; may they be sanctified to me, and render me more wise in the future.

"The indications of Providence are, that we shall soon leave this place, but how strong the tie that binds me here. Yet if it be thy will, heavenly Parent, I will go at thy bidding, and only ask that thou wilt provide for this dear church, and send them one who will feed them with knowledge and understanding.

"Mr. Porter is invited to go to Bangor, to supply Mr. Chaplin's people for a few weeks, during his absence; and has concluded to comply with this request. May I not believe that I shall see the display of God's power and goodness in the salvation of souls?

"Have passed through severe trials, but the Lord has been my support, and I can still trust in him.

"My husband has sent for me to go to B.; trust a shower of mercy is to fall upon that people."

Mr. and Mrs. Porter probably expected to return in a few weeks to Frankfort, but in the Providence of God, it was ordered otherwise; and the above was the last entry made in her journal in that place.

In reading the different communications received from the places, where she resided, we have been struck with the similarity of opinion entertained by different writers. This similarity evinces that the traits of character specified were not imaginary. The following is from a friend in Frankfort:

"During Mrs. Porter's residence in Frankfort, she won the respect and love of all who had the privilege of her acquaintance. The influence she exerted was so unobtrusive and gentle, as to be almost imperceptible; yet it was not the less salutary.

To the duties of religion, she was most ardently and unweariedly devoted. Self seemed entirely forgotten, when engaged in the service of her heavenly Father. No inclemency of weather kept her from the social prayer-meeting, where she took an active part. Although firmly attached to her own faith, yet she was free from bigotry. Her capacious heart embraced all who loved the Savior, without stopping to inquire if their views accorded with her own. The whole family of man shared largely in her sympathies, and as far as her power extended, she willingly exerted herself for their temporal, as well as spiritual welfare.

"Her religion was an active principle, with which her whole character was deeply imbued; extending to the most common and every day acts of life. She appeared at all times perfectly submissive to the Divine will. During the dangerous illness of her only child, she observed, relative to the event, 'My Father knows what is best for me; I desire to have no will but his.' One remarkable trait in her character was a deep humility, which led her to esteem others better than herself. She always appeared unwilling to have any allusion made to the failings of others, and her unbounded charity was every ready with excuses for them.

"She was called while here to pass through scenes of severe trial; and the calm dignity, the unfeigned humility with which she bore these trials, was, in my opinion, comparable to nothing so much as to the conduct of him, who when he was reviled, reviled not again. The memory of this excellent

woman will be cherished through life, in the hearts of her friends. They love to dwell on the superior qualities of her mind and heart.

"She has closed her career—accomplished the work assigned her on earth. No doubt can exist, that she was fitted to join kindred spirits of the just made perfect, and add her glad song to theirs, of glory and praise to Him that sitteth on the throne, and to the Lamb."

Her journal continues:

"March —. Find myself in Bangor, where the Lord is pouring out his Spirit. How wonderful are the ways of Providence! A new path seems opening before us. The church are taking measures to secure Mr. P.'s labors in that part of the city where no Baptist meeting has been held.

"April 28. The attention to religion still continues, and sinners are being converted. A delegation has been appointed by the church here, to visit the church in Frankfort, to confer with them relative to giving up their minister."

The following letter will give the reader a further idea of the state of things in Bangor:

"Bangor, April —.

"My Dear Mother:—We are enjoying an interesting revival of religion. But you ask, How happens it that you are in Bangor? Mr. P. was requested to preach for this people, during Mr. Chaplin's absence, who is gone a journey for his health. After receiving the fourth letter he decided to come,

and obtain some one to supply at Frankfort. The church had begun to awake sometime before, and were hoping and praying for a revival. We now have prayer-meetings every morning at half-past five; also every evening, besides an inquiring meeting several times a week, in the afternoon. From seventy-five to one hundred attend our morning meetings; in the evening the house is crowded. Last evening four or five hundred were thought to be present. Our meetings are very solemn—inquirers sometimes come forward without a request, and ask the prayers of Christians.

"To see such a crowd at a prayer-meeting, and such a breathless silence pervade the assembly, is to me awfully solemn; and when I reflect on the responsibility resting on my husband, the feelings of my heart are at times inexpressible. Well may I exclaim, Who is sufficient for these things? I can only commend him to God, and feel that if He will hold him in his hand, he will do valiantly. I think, my dear mother, he does thus hold him; and will make him instrumental of still greater good.

"No matter what the instrument is, if it be in God's hand. Experience, as well as the word of God, teaches me, that the grand secret of success lies, 'not in using the words which man's wisdom teacheth, but which the Holy Ghost teacheth.' * *

"Our friends are very kind to us, and we have received a number of valuable presents." * *

"June 1, 1845. To-day, Mr. P. enters upon his new duties in this city. How vast the field spread

out before us! Who is sufficient for these things? We go among the poor and distressed of this world. While others regard the great, may I be permitted to induce the poor to accept the blessed gospel. Thanks be to God, that it is also for them; and that I am counted worthy to visit them in their abodes of poverty and privation.

"June 8. Lord's day. May I be in the Spirit on this holy day; may I be more dead to the opinion and practice of the world; may the pride of my heart be subdued; may I be willing to be servant of all, and more like Christ, my great pattern, who went about doing good."

The above closes the journal of our friend, except the following brief sentence, dated,

"June 23. The Lord does indeed bless our labors."

A few extracts from her letters will close the communications from her pen.

To a friend in Camden.

"Bangor, September 7, 1845.

"Dear Sister W.:—* * * My journey since I saw you has been one of joy and sorrow; the latter, far more conducive to my profit than the former. Hitherto I have counted trials my greatest blessings; and I doubt not, they are the purifying process, through which we must unavoidably pass to fit us for usefulness here, and glory hereafter. The more severe my trial, the more clearly have I seen the blessed Savior waiting to revive and strengthen me. I have seen Zion mourn; have

also seen her rejoice, while her borders were enlarging.

"Thus far, my dear sister, I have witnessed much of the goodness of God in answer to prayer for the upbuilding of his kingdom. Have more than realized my expectations; the Lord has met me where he promised he would, if I would follow in the path which in his good providence he had marked out for me. How blessed to follow Christ; to take his yoke upon us readily, without complaint. I have ever found it easy, and the burden light. Especially, have I found it thus, in this place, while engaged in looking after the neglected poor, the Sabbath School scholar, and the sick. In almost every instance, I have found them apparently willing to hear about the Savior. Sometimes Christ has seemed to be before me, going out into the streets and lanes of the city after the poor, the maimed, the halt, and the blind, and welcoming them to his supper. * * * To our great satisfaction, we have seen our house of worship filled; hundreds come to hear the gospel. In connection with our meeting, we have an interesting Sabbath School, which has been gathered mainly from the poor and neglected of this place; and we hope they will ere long become polished stones, to make up a spiritual house. I have an interesting Bible Class.

"Next Friday, we organize a church. We hope we go forward in the strength of the Lord of hosts.

"Last Monday evening, we met, a little band, I believe, in the name of Christ, to consult upon measures with regard to carrying out our plans.

The place seemed like that upper chamber, where the disciples met, and Jesus with them." * * *

To a friend in Camden.

"BANGOR, October 5, 1845.

"DEAR SISTER F.:—* * * I know a relation of our progress thus far, will not be uninteresting to you. The Lord is indeed to us all that he has promised to be. We have organized a church under very pleasant circumstances; the mother church and ourselves being happily united in this important step. Our meetings with regard to it, were marked by the signal blessing of God—the presence of his Holy Spirit. Last Friday, we met for the first time in conference; it was a very interesting season. We were, I believe, of one accord; and we are now unitedly looking for the conversion of souls. Our prayer-meetings are interesting. * * * We have received from Boston a very handsome communion service, with fifty copies of the Psalmist; the whole amounting to seventy-five dollars. At our conference, we received three by letter, and one as a candidate for baptism. Our present number is thirty." * * *

To the same.

"BANGOR, March 10, 1846.

"DEAR SISTER F.:—I have much to say to you, and knowing the interest you take in our domestic relations, I will begin with my own family. Mr. P. enjoys very good health; is constantly employed in his work, and not without success. My own

health, with my little daughter's, is tolerably good. We have much to be thankful for; have received many valuable presents, which are laying us under new and greater obligations to God and the church. We have received additions every month since our organization. At that time we numbered twenty-nine; now, forty-seven.

"Our church is an active one. Have formed a Maternal Association, and a Missionary Society. My class of young ladies has increased to twenty. They spend one evening in a week at our house, where we have reading, prayer and singing. Oh, M.! I am anxious for their salvation. * * * We had an interesting meeting at the first church to-day, the house crowded. Five have recently indulged hope." * * *

To the Children of the late Mrs. Emery.

"BANGOR, March 17, 1846.

"MY DEAR NIECES:—* * * I am anxious to see you, and talk with you; am desirous you should be the very best of girls, as you know your dear mother, were she living, would wish you to be, and as your present mother will labor, I have no doubt, to make you. She has become your mother, and now I want you to be dutiful daughters, and study to do the things which you think will please her. Try to make her happy, by cheerfully complying with her wishes. Love her, and she will love you, and do all she can to make you happy and respectable in the world. Be pleasant and kind to her little children, and they will love you, and so you

will be a very happy family, and this you know will make your dear father happy. You recollect the scriptures say a great deal about honoring father and mother; and I hope you will study the scriptures, and try to be obedient to God's commands. Remember you cannot remain a great while in this world, and you cannot seek an interest in the Savior too young. If your dear mother could speak to you, she would say, I want you, my dear daughters, to become Christians, now while you are young. I hope, my dear girls, you will soon become humble Christians; and when you die, be prepared to meet your mother in heaven." * * *

We now make the last extract from the writings of our lamented friend. It is from a letter addressed to her mother, wherein filial duty is happily recognized.

"BANGOR, July 17, 1846.

"MY DEAR MOTHER:—I received a communication from brother L., saying that you were very feeble. I am anxious to hear from you; was about to write to have you come to Bangor, but am now disappointed. I want very much to see you; have thought much of you, when I have had an opportunity to think of home. Have had much to take my time and strength, which has prevented my writing you ere this.

"I am sensible, my dear mother, that I have never discharged my duty to you as I ought. Will you pardon me? I know you will, for I know your forgiving disposition. I had concluded not to visit

Bloomfield this summer; but if you are sick, and wish me to be with you, I will try to leave home. I know that all that is necessary for your comfort, will be done by S. and J., and others of the family. But I am the only daughter that is left, and I wish to do all in my power for your comfort and happiness while you live.

"It will rejoice you to hear of our prosperity; we have a congregation, numbering between three and four hundred; our Sabbath School is one hundred and fifty. Our friends are all very kind to us, and we have no trouble but our sinful hearts. Surely, goodness and mercy have hitherto followed us. * * *

"Please to let some one write immediately, and tell me how you are. Is there anything alarming in your sickness?* May the Holy Spirit comfort you by his grace, my dear mother.

"Your unworthy daughter,

"D. H. PORTER."

The health of Mrs. Porter, the spring and summer previous to her death, was unusually delicate; yet it is believed she did not at all intermit her efforts. Her friends had been suspicious that her exertions were too much for her feeble strength; since her death, they have been more painfully sensible of the fact.

But she is gone! and in the words of another

*Her mother, though not dangerously sick at this time, survived her daughter but a few months.

we would say, "Her career was short, but illustrious, and she crowded into her little sphere the virtues of a long life."

If, according to Bishop Heber, "Heaven has, no less than earth, its active duties;" may we not confidently believe that her happy spirit, now freed from its fragile tenement, is still active in the cause she loved, in a clime more congenial to her aspiring soul.

We cannot better describe the circumstances of her sudden death, and the feelings of her bereaved husband, on this distressing event, than by giving the substance of two letters written by him, one to her mother, the other to her former pastor.

"Bangor, February, 1, 1847.

"My Dear Mother:—In the distress and anguish of my spirit, I hardly know what to say. When you gave me my dear Deborah, you gave me a charge —to take good care of her. O mother, she is gone! the desire of my heart—the wife of my bosom, is gone, where my care, my attention and love, can no more benefit her. Reason, for the moment, seems to reel under the blow; and were it not for the grace of God, I should be utterly prostrate. But while the cup of bitterness is put to my lips, I am constrained to say, 'The cup which my Father giveth me to drink, shall I not drink it?' 'It is the Lord, let him do what seemeth him good.' Have many, many times thought of you, during the trying scene, and been led to exclaim, Poor mother! how will she bear up under this dreadful blow? But

while suffering under this dark and mysterious providence, let us take shelter under that precious promise, 'My grace is sufficient for thee.' That God who has been with you in six troubles, will not forsake you in this trying hour. It should, my dear mother, be to you, and all of us, matter of great consolation, that her work was done, and well done. Oh, if we can but be prepared as she was! But that we may be, we must live as she did. Be assured, that although I am most deeply afflicted, yet in the midst of my distress, shall affectionately sympathize with the beloved mother of her who was so dear to my heart."

The reader will perceive by the date, that the following was written some days previous to the above.

"BANGOR, January 28, 1847.

"DEAR BROTHER DRINKWATER:—In the midst of deep waters, I take my pen this morning, to address you. Our darling Deborah is no more. How inexplicable it is, that I am left to record so terrible an event? But so it is. Yes, my dear brother, she whom we loved so well, is gone. She calmly fell asleep in Jesus, last evening, at half past eleven o'clock. Two weeks ago last Saturday, she was violently seized with what we supposed to be a common cold; but which proved to be a pleurisy fever. She suffered greatly, until relieved by bleeding and blistering; after which, she appeared much better, until last Monday, when an effusion of water round

the heart took place, depriving her of consciousness, and causing apparently great distress, until about four o'clock, yesterday morning, when she became comparatively easy, and remained so till death, although there was no return of reason.

"At times it has seemed that my trouble was greater than I could bear. The right arm of my strength is gone! But this morning I feel that the Divine hand is underneath me; the Almighty arm all around me. That gospel which I have preached to others, is my support in this dreadful hour. That I shall have your sympathy and that of your beloved companion, I have no doubt. Indeed, I would not engross it; I should do wrong so to do, for the blow will reach you also; and you will suffer. May God be our help in this time of trial.

"The funeral will probably be on Saturday. We hardly look for you then, and would not request it, although it would be exceedingly gratifying. But I am inclined to believe, that could our dear departed one have known her condition, and been permitted to express her last wishes, she would have requested that he who was her honored and dearly beloved pastor for so many years, should preach a sermon appropriate to her death, containing such facts in her character and history, as might tend to the benefit of the living.

"The funeral services at the burial will be performed by Mr. Caldwell.* I would express the

*Her funeral was attended by a large concourse of people, on Sabbath, January 31st, on which occasion an appropriate Sermon

wish that you would prepare a sermon to be delivered on some approaching Sabbath, and we will send some one to supply your place.

"The death of my beloved wife will be most bitterly lamented. If the tears and sympathies of hundreds would have saved her, she would not have died." * * *

Mr. Drinkwater's answer to the foregoing, with so much of his sermon delivered on the occasion as appeared in the public prints, will now be given.

"ELLSWORTH, February 2, 1847.

"DEAR BROTHER PORTER:—Yours of the 28th ult., announcing the melancholy tidings of the death of your beloved wife, was not received till late last evening. I sympathize, I deeply sympathize, with you in this mysterious and afflictive providence. You will not, in this day of darkness and sorrow, forget Him whose counsels have appointed, and whose hand has inflicted, this bereaving stroke. How dark the providence! Who can determine why she should, in the meridian of life, in the midst of usefulness, and with everything around her to attach her to life, be thus cut down? Surely, God's ways are not as our ways, nor his thoughts as our thoughts.

"Is she gone? Will my eyes see her no more?

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was delivered by Rev. Mr. CALDWELL, of the First Baptist Church, from 116th Psalm, 15th verse: "Precious in the sight of the Lord is the death of his saints."

Are those happy hours we have spent in her society never more to return? Will that countenance, beaming with benevolence and friendship, be seen no more until the resurrection? It is even so. She has finished her course; she has kept the faith; and is gone, as we firmly believe, to receive an unfading crown. * * *

"With submission to Providence, I will be at Bangor Sabbath after next."

Extracts from Rev. Mr. Drinkwater's Discourse, occasioned by the death of Mrs. Porter, delivered in the place of worship of the Second Baptist Church, Bangor, February 21st, 1847.

TEXT—"To die is gain."

"She, whose death has awakened so much sorrow in this congregation, and so much sympathy for your beloved and bereaved Pastor, whose heart still bleeds in the remembrance of the loss he has sustained, has, as we confidently believe, gained by her dismissal from earth. On this question there will be but one opinion among those who had the happiness of her acquaintance.

"Mrs. Porter possessed an active, inquisitive mind, of quick perceptions, coupled with an amiable disposition and ardent feelings; highly gifted in conversation, and active in her habits. She was never censorious, and few persons have allowed themselves less in evil speaking. The prohibition of the Apostle, to speak evil of no one, seems always to have been in her remembrance. Her person and

manners were prepossessing, and her countenance unusually mild and lovely. On account of her strictly moral deportment from her earliest years, the religious change wrought in her heart and life, was not so marked as in those of an opposite character. In her external conduct, very little alteration, it is understood, could be discerned, as the result of that transformation. Still, it was her decided, sincere, unaffected piety, which laid the foundation of that excellence of character and life, for which she has been so much distinguished. Religion, with her, was not an occasional feeling, a mere momentary impulse, but an habitual element, a permanent principle, producing daily the fruits of holy living. It may be said of her that she walked with God. Here lay the charm of her character. This was its main element. This constituted its moral beauty, and here was the secret of her strength. This piety was not indeed a distinct attribute of mind, distinguishable from others and capable of a separate delineation, but the modifying, controlling principle of all the attributes of body and mind, giving transparency and burnish to all her sentiments, affections, motives, conduct and conversation. This secured to her the respect and admiration of the good, the unhesitating confidence of the candid, the conviction of all, 'that the righteous is more excellent than his neighbor.'

"With but a limited examination of the extended journal which she left, I am of opinion that it furnishes too much useful information on the operations of the renewed mind, and the progress of that sanctifica-

tion which assimilates to the image of Christ, to remain only in manuscript. Its publication will unquestionably be desired, not only by the family connections, but by a numerous class of pious persons, to whom her character was more or less known. It cannot fail to be useful to those who wish to commune with a mind unusually pure and heavenly; an individual who lived not merely for the present but for the future.

"Few individuals have taken a deeper interest in the cause of Christ generally, than the deceased. During the revival of religion with which the church in Bloomfield was blessed, many of the prayer-meetings were held at her room. These, as well as all similar seasons, she highly prized. No question exists in the mind of the man that sustained the Pastoral relation to this church at that time, that these meetings were the means not only of enlarging the Church on earth, but the Church in heaven. No insignificant number will hereafter look down from the realms of light and love, to these meetings as the means, and that room as the place, instrumental in preparing them for celestial joys.

"Though the deceased, from her entrance upon a religious course, seems almost constantly to have been employed in doing good, yet in early life her usefulness was comparatively circumscribed. She was destined to fill a more important place than that in the church with which she first united.

"The duties, the difficulties, the responsibilities of the wife of a Christian Pastor, were, in the wise

providence of God, thrown upon her hands. Seldom has an individual been found better qualified to perform the one, and sustain the other. The wisdom of Providence is often seen in fitting the instrument to the work to be accomplished by it. Mrs. Porter was admirably adapted to meet the difficulties, as well as to perform the duties, of the Pastor's wife. There are difficulties neither trivial or few, attending the woman occupying this place. The conflicting claims which are so often made upon her time and attention, are fruitful sources of difficulties. God and nature seem to have assigned home to the wife, as her peculiar sphere. To adorn, to cheer, and to govern there; by wisdom, prudence, industry, and affection, to guard the interests, and uphold the order of the household, is her province and place. But the wife of a minister seems also required to bear her part in meeting the demands of a less retired and wider sphere. It is expected of her, not only beneath her own roof, to strengthen the hands of her husband and encourage his heart, but abroad, in the homes of his flock, to be found aiding his work and extending his influence, especially among the female members of his charge. To unite these opposing claims, without the sacrifice of those of either class; to regard aright the interests of the church, without leaving those of the family to go to ruin; to consult those of the household, without neglecting or becoming indifferent to those connected with the interests of Zion, is a difficult and rare attainment. Our lamented sister happily reconciled

and satisfied alike each and both classes of these duties. She did not disregard her household cares; neither did she overlook, or forget the interests of the Church. It must indeed be admitted, that her chief desire, the controlling anxiety of her benevolent heart, seems to have been the advancement of the kingdom of Christ, and the conversion of souls to him. This, the records of her diary again and again attest. In this, her piety seems never to have waned. To promote the cause for which the Savior lived and died, to secure the salvation of those lost in alienation from God, were objects to which she was never indifferent. Though like the wife of every Pastor, the mark of many eyes, and the theme of many tongues; though possessed of a piety so far above the ordinary standard, and a desire for the salvation of a world around her so unusual, constant and ardent; no one, it is believed, suspected her guilty of neglecting her husband or her household.

"How much the prosperity of your interests as an infant religious community, may be attributed to her counsels, her prayers and her laborious co-operation with the companion of her life, you can judge better than the individual addressing you. Her attachments to you as a church and society, were strong; and she has left among you, if we be not mistaken, a sanctifying influence, that will be felt long after the scores who wept around her dying bed shall, with herself, have moldered into dust.

"A more kind-hearted friend to the poor and unfortunate is seldom found. No one in your city, probably, for the term of her residence among you,

was better known in the abodes of poverty and suffering, than our lamented friend. She sought out the poor that they might be relieved; and the vicious, that they might be reformed. Her regard for these cannot better be described than in her own language. 'If there be any characters which cluster around my heart, they are the poor outcasts; the down-trodden and broken-hearted, the heart pining under sorrow and grief; together with the soul withering under dissipation and sin—that spirit so capable of elevation, all belittled, benumbed and degraded, yet as immortal as any other, and worth as much, too, though he be a beggar upon the dunghill, as the soul of the monarch or any other ever so high in state—though he be so fallen, and though he may have forfeited all claims of pity and pardon, either from his friends or his God; yet both are his, if he will pursue them with their appropriate means and measures.'

"The Bible, the closet, the Sabbath and the sanctuary, she highly prized. The former, she daily studied, and from it drew the bright lessons of her life, and the rich consolations of her Christian hopes. It was her guide-book. So fully did she follow out its principles, that her life seems little else than a life of devotion, humility, benevolence and usefulness, a life which it is not easy fully to describe, or faithfully to imitate.

"There are usually present in every congregation respectable persons, who when they hear described the Christian life and character of an individual, are unsatisfied unless something is said on the imperfec-

tions of that character. This does not always arise from captiousness or ill-nature, but from a conviction that defects and faults are inseparable from humanity. Though I have sustained to the deceased the relation of pastor for nearly eight years, I have no materials from which to form any description of her defects or faults. I know not what they were. If these must be detailed, I cheerfully leave the work to the hands of those who regarded her less, or who knew traits in her character to which I am a stranger.

"Those who know not the internal warfare of the Christian's mind, the humiliation that lays the disciple of Christ in the dust, the spirituality of God's law, or the sinfulness of their own hearts, may think it strange that one so devoted and so exemplary should write the following language in her journal. '*How unlike the life* of the blessed Savior, has been the life of the few days past. How many wandering thoughts constantly disturb the heart! How faint and few desires for perfectness! 'Who shall deliver me from this body of sin and death.' Will God leave me to myself, to be immersed in deathless death, corrupt with corrupted affections?' This self-depreciation was not the language of feigned humility. It was the result of attention to the heart, the secret movements of which are often irregular, where the external conduct is correct.

"To the joyous feelings arising from faith in Christ, she was no stranger, as will be seen by the following extract from her diary:

"'How can I pen the past, and record past exper-

iences, while the present is so full? How turn from a page so perfect, from inscriptions so Godlike; and how be deaf to salutations so angel-like, and blind to prospects so Eden-like? Yea, how disregard that sweetest voice while it whispers so heavenly and so holily, '*Look and see.*' How sacred this nearness with God! How elevating the thought that another week has *gone*, yes, *gone!* So, nearer *thee!* yon heaven! yon *place of rest.*'

"*That* rest she has attained. Allied to better spirits on high, she has resigned earth, and, as we trust, has ascended to purer regions, and breathes a purer air."

CHAPTER XIX.

Letters of Condolence—Sketch of her Character—Concluding Remarks—Poetry.

MR. PORTER'S unexpected bereavement awakened the sympathy of his friends and brethren in the ministry; and from some of the letters of condolence received by him, we make a few extracts. The first is from the Rev. Mr. Miller, then pastor of the church in Bloomfield. He also received through him a request from that church, that he would have such a portion of the writings of his departed wife printed, as he should deem proper.

"BLOOMFIELD, Feb. 15, 1847.

"MY DEAR BROTHER PORTER:—Yours of the 4th inst. was duly received. * * I deeply sympathize with you under the painful visitation the Lord has brought upon you. Yours is no common affliction, and comfort of no common kind is needed. But I trust our gracious heavenly Father will stand by you, and comfort you himself. His favor is better than life. Yes, the light of his countenance can turn the valley of the shadow of death into a paradise. I doubt not, my brother, that this affliction will bring you very near to God. No earthly comforts can now meet your case; you will be led, there-

fore, to go directly to that Savior who said, 'I will not leave you comfortless; I will come unto you.' * *

"I rejoice to think that you are surrounded with kind and sympathizing friends, in this day of trial. And think, too, my brother, that your beloved companion is now with God. No person that has known her for years, can doubt that she now rests from all her labors; from sin, sorrow, and suffering, forever. Blessed end! and how soon your spirit will join her's! * * * *

"Your brother in Christ,

"CHARLES MILLER."

"PROVIDENCE, Feb. 2, 1847.

"MY DEAR AFFLICTED BROTHER: — It was but yesterday I learned, by a Bangor paper, the great loss you have sustained. Truly the hand of God has touched you, and you may well say, 'Pity me, O my friends.' Be assured, my brother, that I feel deeply pained for you; for though I doubt not you have confidence in the wisdom and goodness of God, in this visitation, still human sympathies are tender and strong, and you cannot but feel in a measure desolate. You have lost not only an affectionate wife, but also one peculiarly qualified to assist a minister amid his labors and trials. She was, I doubt not, eminently pious, and is now with Christ, whom she faithfully served on earth. The church, too, of which you are pastor, has sustained a great loss. * * *

"Of such an one as your departed wife, we can truly say, 'Being dead, she yet speaketh.' Her con-

versation, her prayers will now be remembered; and with a freshness and impressiveness, greater, perhaps, than if she were alive. They will speak tenderly, affectingly, to the souls of many, with whom she associated on earth. You need not be reminded, at such a time, of the only source of consolation and support. Thither you have often pointed other mourners. But oh! how much easier it often is, to direct others in distress to Christ, than to go to him ourselves. Nature will dwell upon the lost one—all her interesting and valuable qualities—all the past associations with her; and upon the poor, almost orphan daughter—until the heart will almost wish to reverse the decree of heaven, and recall the object of affection. But I know you will not murmur at God's appointment. He doeth all things wisely, and benevolently. * * Your departed wife is now among the redeemed above—among Seraphim and Cherubim—among some, whom her own prayers and labors were instrumental in leading to Christ: and there she is ready to welcome you. * * *

"Your brother in Christ,

"JEREMIAH CHAPLIN."

"SACO, April 11, 1847.

"DEAR BROTHER PORTER:—Immediately after your dear wife's decease, Mrs. W. and myself felt an instinctive desire to write you. Our somewhat intimate acquaintance with her, had, I believe, been always of the most pleasant character. I scarcely know why we should have delayed so long, unless through the general influence of the trials sent upon

ourselves. But though thus tardy in the expression of our sympathies, believe us, dear brother, when we say that they are none the less sincere. We doubt not that you have been able to say, It is good for me that I have been afflicted; that your spirit, though stricken, has run to *the shelter;* that *there* it has been able to rejoice.

"What can be called severe, that cuts us off from self and makes us say, 'As the hart panteth after the water-brooks, so panteth my soul after thee, O God.' May God be with you through your remaining pilgrimage, in a very special manner. Often, we cannot tell how often, our thoughts have reverted to the days we spent with you. It seems as if she must still be there, in the same room with yourself and little one. But after all, is it not better to think of her as in that holier world, where faith tells us we ourselves are going? * * *

"Yours, truly,

"N. M. WILLIAMS."

"THOMASTON, Jan'y. 31, 1847.

"DEAR BROTHER:—The letter of M. A., of the 20th, bringing the intelligence of the illness of Deborah, and the fears expressed, that her sickness was unto death, in some measure prepared the mind for that contained in the one now before me. * * * Alas! your fears have proved too true, and Deborah is *gone.* Gone? No! she is here *with us,* in *our hearts,* in our *affections,* and as memory calls up, even to us, who were so slightly acquainted with her, the amiableness of her character; the firmness of

Christian principle which ruled her life; her untiring devotedness to the cause of Him who died that she might live; the self-sacrificing spirit, which she learned at the cross, which invariably led her to seek the good of others, rather than her own, enables us to say, that her example has had, even here, an influence for good, which will, at no very distant day, be more fully known.

"You, my brother, know the height and depth of her love and devotedness to Christ—to yourself as a *Christian*, and above all, as a herald of the glorious gospel of the blessed God. I know that her counsel and advice, her devotedness and love, have done much in maturing your own mind, in drawing out and strengthening the qualities of the heart which made you so useful, and that you can say, 'In me, Deborah lives.' * * * Yours ever,

"JOHN PORTER."

The death of Mrs. Porter, made a deep impression on many hearts. Particularly did the members of the infant church to whose interests she had been so untiringly devoted, most painfully feel their loss. The following extracts from letters received by the compiler, from Bangor and Bloomfield, will give the reader some idea of the hold she had upon the affections of her friends in these places. Those from Bangor contain also some further particulars of her death.

"BANGOR, August 7, 1847.

"MY DEAR MADAM:—It affords me much pleasure to bear my testimony of one whom I dearly loved as

a Christian and a friend. My first acquaintance with sister Porter commenced in the spring of 1845, during an interesting season of revival in the first Baptist church in this city. I was much pleased with her Christian deportment and her devotion to the cause of our common Lord. The love of souls, and a strong desire for the extension of the Redeemer's kingdom, were marks neither hid nor misunderstood in her character. But still I was led to form my opinion of her, as of most Christians; that the circumstances under which we met, had much to do with the feelings which she manifested. But upon a longer and more intimate acquaintance, I found that in her case, I had hastily judged. For her's was not a religion of impulses, but of principle, deep and abiding. The love of souls, and a desire for their salvation, accompanied with corresponding exertions, she made the great business of her life. Not that she in any wise neglected her domestic relations, but she held them in subordination to that great work for which the Redeemer suffered and died; and to which she believed all Christians to be called as co-workers with him. She believed the gospel, and her daily life and conversation manifested it. * * * Her natural abilities were of a high order, and she was blessed with a sound judgment; which being sanctified by grace, and consecrated to the service of Christ, eminently qualified her for the station she was called to fill. * * * Her heart was in all the benevolent enterprises of the day, and she was ever ready for every good word and work.

She was taken from amongst us, while actively engaged about her Father's business, and was, no doubt, called to a higher and holier work. I believe I shall speak the minds of all who knew her in saying, that while permitted to dwell with us, we esteemed her a great blessing; and when she was taken away, we felt it to be a public calamity. * * * I was permitted to be with her often in her last sickness, which was of such a character, as to almost preclude conversation; but what little she did say, was soothing and comforting, indicating patience and resignation; and to my often inquiry, 'How is the mind?' her answer was always, 'Calm and peaceful.' The last Sabbath of her life, and the last day that her intellect was clear, I called in the morning, and found her much better, as she thought, and as we all thought; she sat up longer and conversed with more ease, than at any previous time during her sickness. Before her husband left for the house of God, she sent for him to come into her room, and with some difficulty, and under strong emotion, she sent a message to her Bible Class, desiring them to attend to the interests of their souls; and concluded with saying, 'Tell them it will be but a little while before they will all need what I now need.' After he left, she made some inquiries about the state of religion in the first church; and then, in the strongest terms, and with evident feeling, expressed her confidence and trust in God, and her willingness to be in his hands. I called again in the afternoon, and found her still comfortable and happy, and left her expressing her thankfulness for the goodness of God.

* * * The next day her disease had taken an alarming turn, and she survived but three days, apparently unconscious of what was passing around her. * * *

"Wishing you much health, and all the grace your labor of love requires, I am, with much esteem, your friend and sister in Christ, H. W."

"BANGOR, July, 1847.

"MY DEAR MADAM:—In complying with your kind request, I feel that I can only give you a few unconnected thoughts, respecting one who was dear to us both. You, who knew our dear sister Porter for years, can judge something of the loss which the church of Christ, and I may add with truth, the whole community, have sustained by her early removal from our midst. The first time I ever saw her, was at the vestry of the Baptist church, and I can never forget the impression her sweet face and appropriate remarks made upon many present. From that time until her death, I met with her often; and at every interview, I saw some new trait in her character, some Christian grace exhibited, which led me to admire it more and more; and in speaking my feelings, I know that I express the feelings of hundreds in this city. Like her Divine Master, she went about doing good. Oh, how many of the poor bless her memory! Her charities and visits of mercy were never spread before the public eye; but could some of the garrets and cellars of our city speak, with moving eloquence would they tell you

of her strange visits; strange, because no Christian stranger ever before trod their dreary threshholds. They could bear witness to her earnest and affectionate supplications to God, in behalf of their neglected inmates; they would tell you she is an angel now, for she did an angel's work while here, for those they sheltered, in ministering to their temporal and spiritual wants. She loved to tell them of the bread of life, and where they might obtain it; and of that water, of which, if any drank, they would no longer thirst. In every abode she visited, whether lofty or low, there she left her testimony in favor of Christ and his gospel; and it was done so meekly, and yet so faithfully, that none could love her less, however much they might despise Him who sent her.

"I think she was the best wife for a Christian minister that I ever knew. She has always seemed to me like Mrs. Sarah B. Judson; whether they resembled each other in countenance or not, I cannot say; as no likeness of either has ever been preserved, save that which is deeply engraven on the hearts of their surviving friends. But in their retiring, self-denying labors, and in the consecration of themselves wholly to the work of winning souls to Christ, they were certainly alike. But the affectionate heart of the one no longer bleeds over the Karen in his jungle, nor that of the other over the unfaithfulness of those who profess to be the friends of Christ, but who in works deny him. * * *

"The life of Mrs. Porter seemed short, but if we reflect on the amount of benevolent labors she

performed, it will appear long; long in Christian charities; long in usefulness. * * *

"It was observed by the Rev. Mr. Caldwell at her funeral, that she was cut down with her sickle in her hand, before she had time to gather in her sheaves; but the Great Husbandman, has, and is, gathering them in, and who can tell the number that shall be saved through her instrumentality? Never on earth will it be known; but the record is faithfully kept in the archives of eternity; and in that day when the books shall be opened, Christ will say to her (I doubt not,) 'Inasmuch as ye did unto one of the least of these my brethren, ye did unto me; enter into the joy of your Lord.'"

BANGOR, August 7, 1847.

"MY DEAR MADAM:—When God's providences are of a pleasing nature, how we love to dwell upon them, and admire the wisdom and goodness which have been so visibly manifested. How easy then to say, 'Thy will de done.' But when they are of a painful nature, and 'clouds and darkness are round about Him,' in our grief and consternation, we are almost ready to forget that 'righteousness and judgment are the habitation of his throne.' The death of Mrs. Porter was one of those deeply dark providences, which required the strongest faith to say, 'It is well.' She seemed necessary to the happiness of *so many*, and to the well-being of *so much*, on earth, that we supposed God knew that she could not be spared. But 'God's ways are not our ways.' * * * When we think of her gentle loveliness;

her zeal in the cause of Christ, her striking example of piety, and the great vacancy that has been made by her departure; we mourn for her, we cannot help it; but if we could see her as she is, we should rather rejoice that she, who while here, amid weakness and infirmity, ran to do her Master's will, is now freed from all impediments, and flies on angel's wings to perform missions of love and mercy.

"Our sister was one whose purity and simplicity of character, whose frank and affable manners, won the respect and love of all who knew her. Her religion was a deep, inward, living principle; a lamp which burned brightly and steadily; a spring which was ever upgushing pure waters, to fertilize the heart, and prepare it for all the duties of life. Her excellent conversational powers, and ability to set forth the truths of God's word, united with fervent, faithful prayer, enabled her to find the way to the hearts of the impenitent, and lead them from the downward road into the paths of peace and life. * * * I need not, I cannot fully express how much she is missed; you who knew her so well can judge. As a memento of our departed sister, the ladies composing a Missionary Society, in which she was very deeply interested, have pledged themselves to the support of a child in the Asam Orphan Institution, to be named for her. * *

"Yours, very sincerely,

"H. A. W."

BANGOR, Aug. 8, 1847.

"MY DEAR MRS. D.— When our heavenly Father saw fit, in his all-wise providence, to lay his afflicting hand upon us, and take to himself our beloved sister Porter, we felt that it was, to all of us, a dark day; and as one breach after another (occasioned by this stroke,) rose before us, without a stone fitted by the Master's hand to fill the vacancy, we felt sad. We did not know at that time, that she had prepared much seed for the vineyard of God. I rejoice that to you it is committed, to cast it forth over ground already watered with her tears. May the same hand that guided her pen, and which has now exchanged it for the harp of gold, assist you in your labor of love, that she may not cease to speak, though removed from earth; that her rich experience, which she always ascribed to God's grace, may yet comfort the desponding, strengthen the weak, and point the mourning soul to the Savior; and still be instrumental in preparing others to follow her, to her glorious rest above. * * * *

"It has been truly said of her, 'She walked with God.' Here lay the charm of her character, here the secret of her strength. How ardently she loved immortal souls, let the family visits, the Sabbath Schools, the prayer, the inquiry, and the Teachers' meetings, testify. * * * She was a burning and a shining light; a steady, persevering course of effort to do good, marked her life, while with us. * * *

"I was privileged with being near her during her last moments; it seemed like holy ground. Although she was not able to articulate, yet there

was a calm, light, heavenly expression of countenance, peculiar alone to the holy soul retiring to rest." * * * * * * *

"Bidding you God speed in the work before you,

"I am, yours, &c.,

"E. L., JR."

"BLOOMFIELD, July 20, 1847.

"MY DEAR MRS. DRINKWATER:—The deceased, Mrs. D. H. Porter, I knew from early girlhood, and had great reason to esteem her, for her many lovely traits of character, as well as her deep piety. She early in life professed herself an humble follower of her Savior, which profession she adorned with a truly Christ-like demeanor. * * * In her domestic life, she was as beautiful in character, as she was in person and manner. Her countenance was ever an index of her heart; fair, subdued, and yet joyous. She threw an influence about her, that I have never noticed from any other. Always gentle and good; devoid of all bitterness, all sectarianism; with a heart full of enthusiasm upon every subject which would assist in elevating those about her. When we knew of her death, we could only say, 'It is well.' 'She is our sister now no more, only in the loftiness and purity of our natures. Those earthly ties were sundered, when she exchanged the mortal for the immortal.' * * * * L."

"July, 1847.

"DEAR MADAM:—The intelligence that you are preparing a memoir of our sainted friend, has given

me the sincerest pleasure. The records of a life like hers ought not to be consigned to oblivion.

'She was a flower-awakening breeze,
A meadow-watering stream,'

and I long to know more of the secret process by which she became what she was; the successive steps by which she advanced, 'from strength to strength, from grace to grace.' I feel that I already know the *foundation* of her excellence. The first thing that I remember being particularly struck with in her character, was her prayerfulness and watchfulness over herself. This self-inspection enabled her speedily to detect what was wrong, and she resorted at once to the blood of cleansing. * * She delighted much in social prayer; and those who have united with her, can never forget the propriety and the earnest importunity of her petitions. * * * * I next discovered that the word of God was her meditation all the day; I rarely entered her room, without finding a testament open on her table, from which she had selected some passage to occupy her thoughts, while her hands were busy with her needle. She had no fear of spiritual repletion. It was her one desire that God might be glorified in the conversion of sinners; and how greatly was she blessed in being made an instrument of good to others! The last eight years of her life, we met little more than annually, but it was always with increased pleasure. Although I could not fail to know the moral distance between us was widening, I rejoiced in every indication of her progress. I saw with delight that she main-

tained a more rigid control over fancy. She was aware of the natural tendency of her mind in this respect, and felt that it exposed her to danger. To me, her views seemed progressively sound, consistent, and scriptural. I longed to see her in a situation, where she could devote herself to the promotion of the cause of Christ, and when she became the wife of one of his embassadors, I felt that my wishes in this respect were gratified. I visited her twice at her own home; the last time in August, 1846, when I spent a week; a week never to be forgotten. There was considerable sickness in her husband's parish, and her tenderest sympathies were excited. She spent several mornings in visiting; found some unprepared for death, and her anxiety was great, lest they should die unreconciled to God. It seemed as if she bore them on her heart continually. * * * Perhaps a sentence or two from a letter to a mutual friend, written soon after this visit, will express my views of her while living, better than any thing I can now write. 'Much as I loved D. before, I love her and respect her piety more than ever. She has less joy in her personal experience, than she had many years ago; but she is living for others now; feeling for every distress, and devising some way to alleviate it; or when this she cannot do, carrying it to Him who can.' Then follows an enumeration of the various objects that engaged her attention, and this sentence: 'I felt a pang as I thought, she will not *labor thus long;* I fear she is attempting too much; she says her health is good; but the trouble is, she can exhaust

all her strength in a few hours.' The impression left on my mind by that week's intercourse was, that she had laid aside every weight, and was *running* the race set before her, 'looking unto Jesus.' It was her meat and drink to do the will of her Father in heaven. The life of self seemed ended.

> 'Her's was a life that could not choose but shine,
> In eye and utterance, hand and heart,'

and I hoped that for years to come, its bright beams would guide many to the haven of rest. * * When I was told that she was no longer a dweller on earth, after the first shock was over, I blessed Him who had wiped the last tear from eyes that had shed so many over this revolted world; that another, whom I dearly loved, was no longer bearing the heat and burden of the day; but instead, was resting by the still streams, and drinking the pure water of the river of life; that her last conflict was ended, the victory achieved, and she had gained the summit of her wishes; she was *with* God, and *like* him; that now, the last clog was removed from her sanctified spirit; and while she would never leave the presence of Him she so ardently loved, and so earnestly tried to serve below, she would constantly serve him with a love, zeal, and energy, how immeasurably surpassing that she acquired in this preparatory school." * * * *

The following is from the pen of Mrs. J. A. C. Williams, of Saco. The writer says in the letter which accompanied it: "In my sketch of the character of Mrs. P., I did not think it best to

indulge my personal feelings, though I loved her much while she was with us, and feel that her death has made a vacuum that will not be filled till I meet her in a better world."

"The late Mrs. Porter, of Bangor, possessed in an eminent degree those qualities which we desire in a friend. With a beautiful exterior, she was affable, yet dignified; with a loving heart, she had strong sympathies, and a delicate perception of their right attunement. Her vivacity, blended with feminine grace and modesty, made her an attractive companion. As a friend, she was guilty of no flattery and no betrayal of trust. She was prudent in counsel, faithful in reproof, and stable in attachment. In the endearing relations of daughter, sister, wife, and mother, she was a model worthy of imitation; and the greatest blessing we can ask for her bereaved little one is that the mantle of the mother may fall on the child.

"Her intellectual powers were well balanced, and of a high order. Though of a lively imagination, yet she had a philosophic cast of mind. She would examine with much minuteness, and with intense interest, a straw, a pebble, or a flower; while, as her diary shows, she was not unaccustomed to reflection on the phenomena of mind. Though her early educational advantages were slender, yet she manifested more zeal in self-culture, than is seen in many persons favored with a long course of literary training.

"Her religious character was singularly lovely,

harmonious, and devout. She loved her closet; she sought and secured communion with her Father, such as but few Christians attain. Her spirit was eminently Christ-like. She was not satisfied, as too many are, with doing duty after repeated calls; but she desired, if I may be allowed the expression, to anticipate God's wishes. In the fervency of love, and with the simplicity of a child, she went to her Father, and begged him to give her work to do. He heard her petitions, gave her work, and honored her in its performance. Though keenly alive to the endearments of social intercourse, yet she loved solitude. Often has she remarked to me, while sitting by her side, 'Oh, J., how sweet it is to be alone with God! This room in which I stay so much alone, is as the gate of heaven to my soul; and that spot,' pointing to the place where she was accustomed to kneel in prayer, 'seems sacred from the repeated manifestations of God's presence!' When she was accustomed to lodge alone in one of the rooms of her shop, she remarked to me that she had often thought, on retiring at night, that it would be sweet to die there, alone with God. She was the subject of strong temptations and great struggles, but God gave her the victory.

"After great searchings of heart, with strong crying and tears, and a perfect reliance on Christ, she attained that sweet symmetry of religious character, which shone among us for a little time, and was then removed to grace a holier sphere."

The following letter from her husband is the last

our limits will allow. If it does not detail facts substantially new, it will not be uninteresting, as it shows the estimation in which she was held by one who knew her life and character in various relations, better than any other individual.

"BANGOR, Aug. 4, 1847.

"MY DEAR MRS. D.:—In preparing something which may find a place in the memoir of my companion, I am at a loss to know where to begin, or what to say. Her character, in all its lovely traits, will undoubtedly be dwelt upon by yourself, and by those friends whose communications you may receive, while too much of the eulogistic might mar the symmetry of the work.

"As after her marriage there is but little to be found in her journal, I have concluded to give a brief outline of her labors from that period until she was called home.

"We were united in marriage at Bloomfield, Dec. 29, 1842, and at once entered upon our labors at Frankfort, a beautiful village upon the Penobscot river, twelve miles below Bangor. The church in Frankfort was then in its infancy, having been but recently gathered, destitute of a place of worship, and consisting of but fourteen members; consequently a large amount of missionary labor was imperatively demanded. In this work, Mrs. Porter engaged with her accustomed ardor and perseverance. She felt that she had now found that wider field of usefulness, which she had so long desired. An interesting and somewhat extensive revival of religion

speedily ensued; a blessing which she had most earnestly sought in prayer, and to the furtherance of which, I have no doubt her prayers and faithful efforts largely contributed.

"This season of the outpouring of God's Spirit, was one of great interest and enjoyment to my beloved companion. The room which she occupied, was not unfreqently filled with the young of her own sex, who came to inquire, *What must we do?* and to receive instruction in the way of salvation. Over these she wept, and for them, and with them, she frequently prayed. That room and those seasons will long be remembered by many who are now members of the church of Christ; and not by these alone, but also by some, who though at that time among the inquiring, yet, as we have reason to fear, failed to accept of Christ.

"Frankfort was dear to her, as being the first field of her labor as the wife of a Christian minister, and as the birth-place of our only child, Ann Judson, who was born December 21, 1843. The people, also, without distinction of sect, had endeared themselves by repeated kindnesses; so that after our removal to another field, the church and the people generally, shared largely in her prayers, until her praying was all done.

"In the spring of 1845, I was called, in the providence of God, to remove to Bangor, to take charge of a colony sent out by the Baptist church in that place, with the design of widening their field of effort, and in process of time, of constituting a second church, which was done in September of the same year.

"For some time previous to our removal, Mrs. P. had felt strongly impressed that the Head of the church was about to open, for us, a still wider field than the one we occupied, and frequently made allusion to her feelings.

"Of her labors in this city, I need say but little, as you will receive accounts from other sources. Suffice it to say, they were many and arduous; too much so, for her feeble constitution. At home, her cares and duties were many, and these she did not neglect; while on every hand, she found of the work which she so much loved to do, enough, and more than enough, to *occupy all her time.*

"Much of her time was given to the poor and neglected, for the amelioration of whose condition she ardently prayed and labored; and in whose abodes she will not soon be forgotten.

"All the means of grace were highly regarded, and the time set apart for their use, held sacred. The Sabbath School, the Maternal, and other female meetings, and the Charitable Society, which she originated for the clothing of destitute Sabbath School children, were especially dear, and found a place in her affection, so long as reason maintained its seat in her mind.

"Thus she toiled on, a help-meet indeed, until the eighth day of January, 1847, which was the day of her being laid upon the bed of sickness to go no more out. On that very day she was abroad in labors of charity.

"Many months have elapsed, and yet, when I recall the past, I can see her as she came in for the

last time, and complained of being very *cold*. Her work then was all done—in a few short days she went to her reward, and left me, with her motherless daughter, to mourn her irreparable loss. But why should I mourn? She would not come back if she could; and I should be cruel indeed to call her away from her harp and crown.

"Of the traits in her character, you and others will freely speak. I think I may say, she was a woman of great faith in God, eminently prayerful, ardent in her feelings, possessed of enlarged charity, and indomitable perseverance. She was also a most affectionate wife and devoted mother. Great indeed has been my loss, and that of the church of God. God grant that it may be sanctified to both.

"Yours,

"C. G. PORTER."

As so many of the friends of Mrs. Porter have enriched this volume by their testimonials of her character, and as it has already grown to a size much larger than was at first contemplated, a few remarks in conclusion may suffice.

In perusing her journal, the reader must have noticed the breathings of an elevated piety. That she was enabled to maintain this spiritual frame in a situation decidedly unfavorable—amid the perplexing cares of her business—obliged as she was to study the wishes of the capricious and vain—must be attributed to the obvious reason, that religion was the absorbing subject of her thoughts and

affections—the interests of the Redeemer's kingdom dearer to her than every earthly good. The duties calculated to bring the soul more immediately into the Divine presence, such as reading the scriptures, meditation, and prayer, were practiced by her with great uniformity; nor could she be satisfied without daily communion with her God. Indeed, prayer seemed to be her element.

The Sabbath, also, a day instituted by our benevolent Creator as a special means of growth in grace, was by her duly estimated. To her it was not only a day of rest, but of high and holy enjoyment. The earthly cares that attended her during the week were uncongenial to her spirit, which often seemed like a caged bird, fluttering for liberty, and panting for the pure atmosphere of heaven. She was therefore prepared to engage in the sacred services of the Sabbath, not only as a duty, but with deep interest and delight. She began and closed the week with God.

Perhaps some will think that the faults, as well as the virtues, of Mrs. P. should be recorded. To such, the compiler would say, she is not the person to enumerate them; for after an intimate acquaintance of years, she does not recollect ever to have heard her utter a word she would have wished not not to have heard, or seen an expression on her countenance, she would have wished not to have seen; neither has she been acquainted with any act of hers that she could deem reprehensible.

That she had faults, we doubt not. Her journal and letters evince, that she herself judged them to

be many. But the remembrance of her virtues will doubtless be cherished in the bosom of her friends, with no wish to recollect, or hear enumerated by others, the imperfections inseparable from humanity. Let us rejoice in the belief that she is perfect now, and with adoring gratitude ascribes that perfection to the rich grace of Him who died to purchase the pardon of her sins—who crowned her efforts to do good while on earth, with his blessing, and who safely conveyed her over the boisterous billows of human life, to the haven of eternal rest.

TO THE MEMORY OF MRS. DEBORAH H. PORTER.

BY MRS. WILLIAMS.

I saw her first in bloom of womanhood,
With sparkling eye, and dimpled cheek, and form
All radiant with life.
Enshrined within
That graceful casket lay a jewel rare;
The lustre of the gem was caught from some
Celestial ray, and glowing, charmed as with
The light of heaven.
In sweet and sunny youth,
Enrapt, she saw the loveliness of Christ.
Her heart, like Mary's precious box unsealed,
Poured out its treasure at the Savior's feet.
Partaker of the hidden life, she gave
Her hand confidingly to Him who raised
The ruler's daughter from her dreamless sleep,
And rose prepared to toil with quenchless love.
Like petals folded in a bud, her heart
The germ of perfect consecration held.
A prophet's zeal, a martyr's faith were not
Required. A common life was her's; not marked
By thrilling scenes, or bold adventure, such
As mortals praise; but modest, meek, and pure,
By deeds and thoughts the angels note with joy,
And Heaven, approving, surely will reward.
The quiet brooklet's course is oft betrayed
By richer green, and sweeter flowers; so we,
Admiring, trace the sacred influence of
Her holy life and sweet persuasive power,
By heavenly fruits and plants of grace prepared
For Paradise.

Through sunshine, storm, and strife,
She leaned on Christ, as clings the vine, oppressed
With clustering fruit, to its own prop; nor vain
Her trust. Her mission done; the image of
Her Savior perfect; God's inner temple gained;
With wondering ecstasy, she worships now
With angels.

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